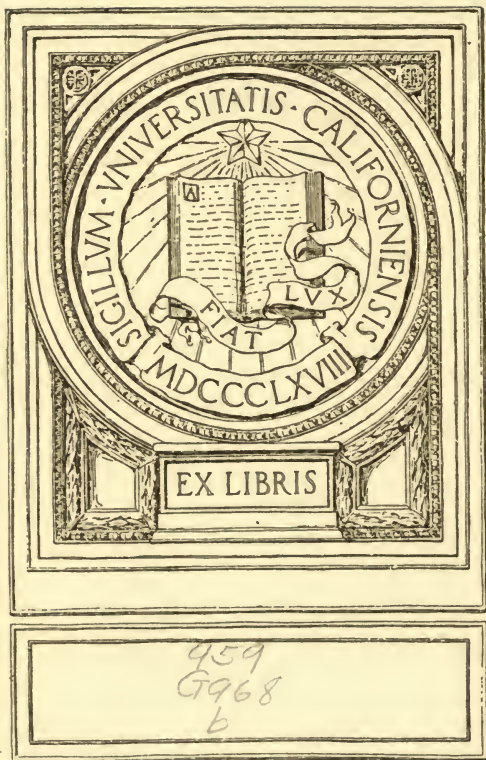


A
BALLAD-MAKER'S
PACK



BY ARTHUR
GUTTMAN



A BALLAD-MAKER'S PACK

BOOKS BY
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A BALLAD-MAKER'S PACK
BALLADS OF OLD NEW YORK
THE LAUGHING MUSE
THE MIRTHFUL LYRE

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
[ESTABLISHED 1817]

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ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Author of

"The Laughing Muse" "The Mirthful Lyre"

"Ballads of Old New York" etc.



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A BALLAD-MAKER'S PACK

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H-Y

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OF MANY LANDS

THE WINGS OF THE MOUNTAINS

FROM THE SANSKRIT

BEFORE there were clouds in the heavens,
Before there were summers and springs,
Afar in the fathomless ages
The mountains, the mountains had wings.
For, first of the works of creation
Are they of the towering crests,
And great was their grandeur and glory,
And greater the pride in their breasts.

They soared to the starry pavilions;
Prodigious in power and girth,
They darkened the world with their shadows.
Yea, truly, unstable was Earth!
For madly they challenged each other,
Till, rising in menacing flight,
They sundered the peace of the ages;
In battle they measured their might.

Then, rolling together, the ranges
In thunderous conflict were hurled;
The crags of the helmeted summits
Were scattered abroad through the world;
Till He that created the mountains,
Who stayeth the sea with His hand,
Dissevered the wings from their shoulders
And rooted the hills where they stand.

So, marshaled in order of battle
The rolling sierras are seen;
But calm are the helmeted summits,
And calm are the valleys between.
The snows of the æons have softened
The pride of the towering crests,
And sunk are the passionate fires
That burned in the cavernous breasts.

And still in the quiet of evening
The clouds of the heavens enfold
The bulk of the great, shraggy shoulders
In ivory, crimson, and gold;

For these are the wings of the mountains,
Though clouds to the vision of men,
And thus, by the mercy of Heaven,
They come to the mountains again.

THE METEORITE

Was this the flaming thunderbolt of Jove
That crushed the last of earth's gigantic race—
Some frenzied Titan battling to efface
The might that made him? Where is he that strove
Against Omnipotence? What engine drove
Through silent leagues of unimagined space
These ragged tons that passed and left no trace
But cloven mountain-side, or blasted grove?

What daring mind may dream of what you are,
O vagrant flake of heaven's iron showers
That fell ere human eye was made to see?
Sky derelict, rude wreckage of a star,
Stern evidence of other worlds than ours,
Grim sign that greater worlds have ceased to
be!

THE MILKING OF EARTH

FROM THE VEDAS

OUR valleys and prairies were deserts of dearth
And Prithu the Hero would quicken the Earth.

But Earth, in affright, at a desperate pace,
Careered to the uttermost limits of Space,

While planets and galaxies quivered to view
The flight and pursuit through the marvelous blue.

And Prithu the Hero put forward his might;
He bridled the Earth with a halter of light;

He stroked her and soothed her and caused her to
stand,
Abrading the hills with his quieting hand;

Then, chanting in thunder, he tightened her girth
And stooped to his labor—the Milking of Earth.

He drew from her udder the bounteous grain,
The fruits of the orchard, the crops of the plain,

The herbs and the berries of mountain and glen,
And all that assuages the hunger of men.

And next came the Spirits of Evil or Good
To draw of Earth's plenitude, each as he would.

The godlike Asuras that hover above,
They milked her of Wisdom, of Power and Love.

The fairy Gandarhvas that sport by the streams,
They milked her of Blossoms and Odors and
Dreams.

The Gnomes of the Mountains that delve in the
mold,
They milked her of Jewels and Silver and Gold.

The demon Rakshasas—they milked her of Tears,
Of Serpents and Poisons, of Sabers and Spears.

Right boldly they milked her! and each in his way;
And Earth gave them freely, as, even to-day,

Of Blessings or Curses, of Good or of Ill,
She gives to her Children the gifts that they will.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

FROM THE VEDAS

THERE was no Night; the Great Gods walked an
earth
That knew but changeless Day when man had
birth.

The first of men was Yama, and his bride
Was Yami, first of women. Yama died;

And Yami mourned; the Gods could not allay
The woe of her that wailed, "He died To-day!"

"Not thus," the Great Ones said, "her grief may
cease;
Let Night be made; the Dawn shall bring her
peace."

So Night was made. The Morrow tarried not
But dawned in gold—and Yama was forgot.

Whence came the word: "To-day is not To-
morrow;
And Days and Nights make all forget their sorrow."

MAN AND TIME

WITHIN the house of pillared cloud, sublime,
Where dwell the Gods of Ind, who laugh at Time,

The Servant Nandi bent in wonted toil,
Anointing Siva's deathless limbs with oil,

When, echoing far, a sudden booming woke
The azure vault; and thus the Servant spoke:

"O Mahadeva, whence and wherefore comes
The boding sound like that of many drums?"

The God replied: "Upon the plain of Earth
A cannon roars to hail Rawana's birth."

He scarce had said, when, yet again the roar!
"What sound is that?" the Servant asked once
more.

The God replied: "The cannon shouts again
For that men crown Rawana king of men."

Then muttered Nandi: "Yea! a slave on high,
A drudge on Earth—and what reward have I?

"While, see! Unproved, unknown, this clod-born
Thing
That naught hath merited is crowned a king!"

Before his word had gone where folly goes
Yet once again the hollow boom arose.

"The cannon tolls," unquestioned, Siva said,
"To bid men mourn for great Rawana—dead."

So Nandi blushed for shame: "And I," he thought,
"Who serve the gods, have stooped to envy—
Naught!

"For this is Naught, whose birth and life and death
Have scarce the space of one immortal breath."

“Time passes!” Men in fond delusion say.

“No!” Time demurs; “’tis men that pass away.”

The High Gods laugh; for Man and Time that vie
Are waifs of Brahma’s dream—and both shall die.

THE SLAYER

A LEGEND OF HINDUSTAN

THROUGH Asia stalked the Plague of fetid breath
While ever in his footsteps followed Death.

But as the Monster whom no ravage sates
Held on and on toward Bharat's brazen gates,

The priests of Bharat wailed at Rudra's shrine,
"O Mahadeva, save us, that are thine!"

Enthroned in highest heaven, Rudra heard,
And spake to Nandi, Servant of the Word:

"Go, Nandi, quell the Pest, as these have craved.
Go, save my people—if they *will* be saved."

Forth sallied Nandi, resolute and tall;
He met the Plague before the city wall;

They strove—but who shall Heaven's might with-
stand?—

The foul Pest quailed in Nandi's iron hand.

Now begged the Ogre, "Thou of heavenly race,
Unconquered Nandi, grant me, of thy grace,

"In Bharat's walls but one brief night to stay,
Of Bharat's throngs but one weak man to slay,—

"Such bounty for mine honor's sake I claim,—
And back I crawl, defeated, whence I came."

Thus Nandi made the pact, and, brazen-voiced
Proclaimed his deed; and Bharat's folk rejoiced.

But ere another sultry night had fled,
In Bharat's walls a hundred men lay dead!

And Bharat's people gasped, with faces pale,
"The Plague!—Is Heaven's might of no avail?"

In blazing wrath strode Nandi forth again;
He found the Plague, couched in a stagnant fen.

“Ah, traitor!” cried the god, “what hast thou
done!

Didst thou not swear that thou wouldst take but
one?

“Yet, lo! in Bharat burn a hundred pyres!—
Then from this hand take Heaven’s gift to liars!”

Harsh laughed the Plague, and answered, “Even so
I kept true faith, O Nandi, let me go!

“But one I slew, by all that men revere!—
The other nine-and-ninety died of Fear!”

SONG OF THE DEAD

A HINDU THRENODY

THE day our sinews thrilled with wholesome toil,
When bullocks lowed, when plowshares cleft the
soil,
When thankful bread we ate and soft we lay—
Hath passed away, hath passed away.

The day when Comfort filled the house, when light
And warmth of Friendship blessed the cheery night,
When rice we had, and fire—that pleasant day
Hath passed away, hath passed away.

The day when all the world was harsh and cold;
When, scorned of Youth, we quavered, weak and
old,
When backs were bare and plains were bleak,—that
day
Hath passed away, hath passed away.

The day we loved—(Oh, Dust of Hearts, be still!)—
The day we mourned,—all days of good or ill
Are one at last, for Time's deceiving day
Hath passed away, hath passed away.

Then heed the word that comforted a King—
That Birbal graved on Akbar's signet ring:
For, "Grief with Gladness, Adamant with Clay,
Shall pass away, shall pass away."

AT THERMOPYLÆ

Quoth Persia's ambassador, "Dare ye defy
Great Xerxes, the Glorious One?
O Spartan, the Median arrows will fly
In clouds that will darken the sun!"

Leonidas balanced a javelin shaft,
Leonidas fingered the blade:
"Then we shall fight in the shade," he laughed;
"Then we shall fight in the shade!"

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE

RHODOPE, fair as Helen, Sparta's pride,
Had suitors three that hardly left her side,

But warmly wooed her, haunting all her ways,
Nor ever ceased to hymn the loved one's praise.

One summer morn, in votive robes arrayed,
Before Diana's altar bowed the maid;

Yet even there those impious lovers came
And scorned the goddess for their lady's fame.

"Tear down," they cried, "that image from the
shrine!

There should Rhodope stand, by right divine!"

The jealous goddess heard. In angry might
She burst upon the trembling sinners' sight;

She waved the wand that good or ill bestows
And changed her mortal rival to a Rose.

More sadly altered shrunk those suitors three—
A Canker-worm, a Butterfly, a Bee!

And still where blooms the Rose, her suitors range;
Though changed their forms, their natures may not
change.

The Canker-worm still plays his former part;
His selfish love he feeds upon her heart.

The thrifty Bee sucks all the sweet he may,
Then, honey-sated, heavy booms away.

The vagrant Butterfly is longer true,
But, when her petals wither, leaves her too.

Maiden, hadst ever lovers like those three—
The Canker-worm, the Butterfly, the Bee?

SOCRATES

“IF Death be Sleep, is Rest a thing to fear?
If Death be Life, 'tis all that men hold dear.
And so we part, my Crito, thou and I.
Thy doom is still to live, and mine to die.
And whose the better fate? Ah, that is known
To Him who ruleth Fate—to God alone.”

HEYYAH AND AHEYYAH

A LEGEND OF THE DELUGE

REARED on a spur of the wild Himalaya,
Bravest and best of the kindred of Cain,
Heyyah, the smith, and his brother, Aheyyah,
Wrought at the forges and furrowed the plain.

Mighty of stature, of courage unbending,
Blest with the vigor and sinew of ten,
Great were the labors they brought to their ending;
Great was their fame in the cities of men.

Resting at midnight, a vision appalled them,
Vexing their slumber with wraiths of despair;
Sternly the messenger, Metatron, called them:
"Offspring of Lamech! betake ye to prayer!

"Rent are the deeps and their uttermost fountains,
Touched by the hand of Jehovah on high.

Ocean shall break on the crests of the mountains.

All—save the children of Noah—must die!”

“Oh! and alas!” cried the brothers in sorrow.

“Vain is our toiling and dead is our fame!

Who will remember our deeds on the morrow,

Tell of our prowess, or name us by name?”

“Nay!” said the angel. “Since well ye have
striven,

Have your desire and slumber in peace.

Safe is your fame, for the names ye were given

Ne’er from the lips of the toiler shall cease.

“Heavers of burdens with roller and lever,

Builders of temples and raisers of frames,

Straining together, forever and ever,

‘Heyyah! Aheyah!’ shall call on your names.”

Gladly they heard him; and, e’en as he bade them,

Bowed to their Maker, and peacefully slept,

Trusting the truth of the promise he made them.

Nobly the nations that promise have kept!

“Heyyah! Aheyyah!”—the chorus that freemen
Sing to the cadence of hammer and flail.

“Heyyah! Aheyyah!” the chantey of seamen
Weighing the anchor and hoisting the sail.

“Heyyah! Aheyyah!” the builders proclaim them.
So through the ages, though pencil and pen
Tell not their doings, and deign not to name them,
Thus are the workers remembered of men.

FALSEHOOD AND SIN

FROM THE TALMUD

AMONG the beasts that thronged to fill the ark
Slunk Falsehood in a lizard's borrowed guise
And begged for refuge; but the Patriarch
Denied her, saying, "He that rules, All-Wise,
Hath given charge that none shall pass within
Save mated pairs, and thou art come alone."
Then Falsehood, baffled, sought her playmate, Sin,
Imploring, "Friend, the shape that I have shown
Do thou assume as my pretended mate
That both be saved." Sin answered, "I agree;
But give the pledge thou dardest not violate
That, henceforth, all thy gains thou'lt yield to
me."
And so 'twas done: As mates they entered in,
And Falsehood's gains are ever claimed by Sin.

DIVINE RIGHT

NIMROD, that mighty hunter, grandly known,

Whose deeds the ancient bards of Asshur sing,
Laid by the bow to mount a royal throne

And, first of men, proclaimed himself a King.
One eve it chanced the Self-anointed sought

The open plain, where, casting up his eyes,
He saw (by hands of mocking demons wrought)

A wondrous cloud whose glory filled the skies—
A golden circlet hedged with rays that gleamed

In jeweled splendor; and,—he knew not how
The thought arose,—a diadem it seemed

Designed by Heaven to crown a monarch's
brow.

Then called the King an artist famed of old

Hight Santal, saying, "Goldsmith, for my love
Devise a helm of ruby-studded gold

In counterpart of that thou seest above."

The Goldsmith wrought; the King ere long was
crowned

By his own hand; and thence a rumor flew
From Nineveh to reach the farthest bound

Of Erech-Accad, telling as it grew
Of how, as Nimrod made a sacrifice

To Sin the Moon-God and his prayer was said,
A golden crown descended from the skies

To grace the Heaven-chosen Monarch's head!

Right willingly his people's ears received

The legend of their Ruler's glory; yea,
The tale at length the King himself believed!—

But Kings are wiser in our modern day.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

OLD Time was young, men's hearts were all untried
By Grief and Sin, when round this whirling ball
Pure Truth and Falsehood journeyed side by side
In free companionship. At evenfall
Of that long day which closed the Age of Gold
They came to Pleasure's lake, and both were glad
To cast their robes and seek those waters cold.
But Falsehood, first emerging, lightly clad
Her limbs in Truth's white garments, fresh and fair,
And swiftly fled away with mocking mirth;
While Truth, disdaining Falsehood's tattered wear,
Pursued. So still around the dizzy earth
Flies Falsehood, well-disguised in Truth's array,
While Truth runs after, naked to the day.

THE DAWN OF FAITH

FROM THE TALMUD

AMTHETA, bride of Terah, bare a son,
 Predestined, warned the priests, to overthrow
The heathen lords of Shinar; so to shun
 The death decreed by Nimrod,—he whose bow
Prevailed through Ur,—in stealth the child was bred
 Deep in a cavern, knowing naught of day
Nor all the changing wonder overhead.
 There, taught by mother-lips, he learned to say
Names for earth miracles unseen by him,
 Yet, trusting mother-love, he knew they were.
So passed the years; old prophecies grew dim;
 The fate of Terah's son was naught to Ur.

At length from out his living tomb of stone
 The mother led her boy when dawn was nigh
And left him on the hill-girt plain, alone,
 In wordless awe beneath the unknown sky.

“Who wrought these marvels?” Even on the
thought

Up from the east in glory leaped the sun,
Too bright for eye to view. The lad’s heart caught
The answer: “Lo! He comes—the Radiant One
That made the world!” But day was lost in night.

The sun went down. Above the shadowed scaurs
Arose the sphere of placid, holy light,

With all the wide-strewn multitude of stars.

“Nay; this is Heaven’s Ruler, calm and still,”

The boy avowed; “and these, around him drawn,
Be lesser gods that do his silent will.”

Down rolled the moon. The stars paled out in
dawn.

Doubting, desponding, watching, all the day

He pondered, “What is God? and what am I—
Abram, the son of Terah?” As he lay,

Sounding the starry deeps of midnight sky
With yearning gaze, sudden the knowledge came.

“These be Thy works!” he cried. “The world
hath none,—

Man, moon, nor star, wind, ocean, torrent, flame,
Creating or self-dowered. Thou art One!

‘Loving, Eternal; hid, yet seen in all

These wonders of Thy hand. To Thee be praise,
Honor and prayer! On God my lips shall call;
Him shall my heart give homage all my days!”

ISRAEL

*“ And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him
that curseth thee ”*

THOU art but One! O God to Whom we bow
In adoration;
E'en as in Egypt, Thou wilt hear us now—
Thy Chosen Nation.

Much have we sinned; far from Thy face have
fled,
By passion driven.
Deep our repentance; Thou Thyself hast said
We are forgiven.

Empires of old upon us heaped their chains,
Burthens and lashes;
Thy thunders rolled—and of their might remains
Rubble—and ashes!

Still those we taught to hold Thy Name in awe
Smite and berate us;
We are the leash that binds them to Thy Law—
Wherefore they hate us!

Vengeance is Thine! yet, Thine is mercy, too.
“Shield us, but grieve them
Not!” be our prayer; “They know not what they
do.
Father! forgive them!”

THE LEGEND OF THE PINE

BENAIAH BEN JEHOIDAH, he that led

The armored host of Solomon, bent low
Before that ancient king. "My lord," he said,
"Long leagues on leagues beyond the Jordan's
flow

I sought the priceless gift that now I bear

To thee, belovèd master. Lo! within
This cup of golden beryl sparkle fair

Those drops that fell before the world knew sin—
The Dews of Life, a draught whereof shall give
Immortal youth, eternal, deathless Spring,
To him that drains their essence. Drink and live
Forever, Shield of Judah!"

And the king,
The noble beaker taking, paused a space
To dream, as old men will; then, musing, spoke:
"To live forever! So; when all my race
Have passed away, alone to bear my yoke

Of care! To live when none is left alive
Of those I love, of those whom even now
My heart desires! What? shall I survive
All, all my friends—such perfect friends as thou,
True, gallant soldier? Nay! The Sacred Lands
Let others rule. My days are growing few.
Man's life belongs in God's almighty hands,
And thus—I do as God would have me do!"
He turned the cup. The precious drops were flung
Upon the sands; and where, with life divine
They touched the barren waste, in beauty sprung
That faithful tree, the never-fading Pine.

CHARITY

AN ARAB TRADITION

WHERE'ER thou goest, angels two
Attend thee, one on either side:
What good or ill thy hands may do
They write on parchment fair and wide.

So, hast thou helped the stranger's need
Or fed the poor that seek thy door?—
The Right-hand Scribe records the deed
Not once alone, but ten times o'er.

But hast thou sinned?—That Seraph bright
Delays the Darker Angel's pen:
“Forbear,” he prays, “nor haste to write!
Our Brother may repent. Amen!”

THE WISDOM OF CHUANG TZU

CHUANG TZU lay dying. 'Round his pallet drew
The sad disciples: "Lord of Truth," they cried,
"What kingly obsequies, thy fitting due,
May we, who love, perform?" The sage replied:

"Broad earth shall be my bier, deep sky my shell,
Sun, moon, and stars the catafalque illume
With golden lamps; the sea shall toll my knell,
And all creation watch my royal tomb."

Yet still they grieved: "Belovèd Master, no!
Shall such as thou be food for birds unblest?"
He spake: "The kite above, the worm below;
Why rob the one to feed the other guest?"

"I who was not, became; find comfort then.
For I that now am not shall be again."

VESUVIUS

AN altar of the Primal Gods am I—

Those “shrouded Gods” whom dark Etruscans
knew

But dared not worship. I, their homage due
Still pay with incense lifted toward the sky.

Across my plains the Races surge, and die—

Pelasgian, Umbrian, Roman. Ashes strew

The arms that conquered empire. Deep from
view

About my base the buried cities lie.

And now immortal rage inflames my soul.

The Shrouded Ones are wroth that homes of men

Profane their sanctuaries. Lightnings sheen

Flash swords above me. Round my craters roll

The Eleven Thunders, roaring, “Wake! Again

With Desolation make our places clean!”

SIGRUN OF SEVAFELL

FROM THE HELGI LAYS

SIGRUN

“HE will not come from Odin’s hall
Where nobly feast the nobly slain;
His ear is deaf to Sigrun’s call;
For Helgi, here I wait in vain.

“The hawks have sought the rowan tree,
The waning ember faintly gleams,
And all the household, bond and free,
Are thronged within the Place of Dreams.”

HELGI

“Ho! Sigrun, look from Sevafell!
For Helgi comes, thy summoned guest.
The molds have marred his golden selle,
Thy brother’s sword hath pierced his breast.

“Then haste to stanch his bleeding wounds
And cleanse his brow of earthy stain!
Before Salgofnir’s clarion sounds
To wake the host on Asgard’s plain,

“His fallow steed must briskly fare
On ways untrod of living man—
Along the reddening roads of air,
Across the Rainbow’s glowing span.”

SIGRUN

“Now glad am I as swords that ring
On sharding shields in battle-gale!
And I will kiss thee! my dead King,
Ere thou canst doff thy riven mail.

“Thy locks with dripping rime are wet,
Thy hands, my Helgi, wan and cold;
Thy form is drenched with deathly sweat—
Thy rest is ill beneath the mold.”

HELGI

“Thou weepst cruel tears;—they sear
Those eyes that should be closed in rest,

My golden maid; and every tear
Falls dank and chill on Helgi's breast."

SIGRUN

"Then Sigrun's eyes no more shall weep;
And Sigrun's heart alone shall crave
That Sigrun's self may watch thy sleep
And soothe thy rest within the grave."

HELGI

"O sun-bright lady of the South!
My royal maid of Sevafell!
Shall red lips kiss a pallid mouth?—
The Quick within the barrow dwell?"

SIGRUN

"What joy have I in Sevafell,
Or feast in hall or fleet on sea?
On Asgard's height, in utter Hell,
Through Life, through Death, I cling to thee!"

HELGI

"A marvel great as skald may sing
While Urdhr spins the fateful thread!

This white-armed daughter of a king
Would, living, dwell among the dead!

“Then mount! O bravest maid of all,
Thou sea-king’s child, my queenly bride!
We twain shall fare to Odin’s hall.
Across the Bridge of God we ride!”

YOUTH AND AGE

AN OLD NORSE SONG

BERSI, the champion, famed in his day,
Agèd and bedridden, drowsily lay.
Halldor, the baby, the grandfather's pride,
Cooed in his cradle the pallet beside.
Recklessly rocking, the cradle fell o'er;
Halldor, the baby, was cast on the floor!
Strengthless to succor his torment and joy,
Bersi, the champion, sang to the boy:
"Lorn, by the fireside helpless we lie,
Grandchild and grandfather, Halldor and I.
'Youth' is the ailment that hindereth thee;
'Age' is the sickness that conquereth me.
Weep not, O grandson, but bravely endure;
Time is thy healer—but what is my cure?"

THE KINGS' DICING

A TALE OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

OLAF, Lord of Sweden's yeomen,
Pledged to peace in solemn Thing,
Met in tryst his ancient foeman,
Bright-haired Olaf, Norway's King.

Near the Rock of Kings they bided.
Doffing corslet, sword, and helm,
There the gold-ringed chiefs divided
Norway's lands from Sweden's realm.

Fair were drawn the writings telling
Metes of fields and whose the sway,
Save of one good farm and dwelling—
Sweden's? Norway's? None could say.

Then spake Norway's Olaf: "Brother,
One poor farm's of little store.

Shall we game with one another?
Shall we cast the dice therefor?"

Sweden's lord, the well-appareled,
Bowed; then, casting, roared, "Ho! ho!
Sixes fall! O, son of Harald,
Little need for thee to throw!"

Olaf smiled. "Is Fate a niggard?
Happening once may happen twice;
Are there not, thou blood of Sigurd,
Still two sixes on the dice?"

Sixes fell! In wrath the other
Flung; then vaunted, "Mine at last!
Sixes twain! My royal brother,
Never shalt thou best that cast!"

Careless, gay, with merry clatter
Olaf shook the dice and threw;
"Truly, 'tis a little matter
For the Lord my God to do!"

Sixes fell! Yet, greater wonder,
Like a gem of Summer hail
Burst one figured cube asunder—
Six and seven made the tale!

So the realms in peace were parted.
So fair Hising's wolds of rye
Fell to Norway's lion-hearted
By the breaking of a die.

BLACK ICE

BENEATH the ice the Kelpie laughed—
A jarring, chuckling, boding peal.
I knew the green-haired warlock's craft
And leaped away on rapid steel.

Among the reeds an oozy lair
He makes, and schools his web-foot kin
To weave the charm and set the snare
And draw the heedless skater in.

But crystal-hard is all the flow
And dark as eyes of Eastern maids;
The startled fishes flash below
And brighter flash our skimming blades.

Upon the pines the moonbeam lies;
Cold silver bathes the barren scaurs;
The frozen lake repeats the skies;
We seem to glide among the stars.

The glassy sheet from shore to shore
We trace with curve and quaint device,
When, hark! again that crackling roar!
The Kelpie laughs beneath the ice.

EILER

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND OF OLD DENMARK

A SONG from the fells of Norway?
A lay of the Lap or Swede?
Hark to a tale of Jutland
And men that were men indeed.

Gurth, with his wild sea-rovers,
Gurth of the Iron Ring,
Ravaged the realm of Fuurland,
Slaughtered the agèd king.

Eiler, the Prince of Fuurland,
Wounded and desolate,
Fled to the land of Saaling
Over the Saaling Strait.

Alger of Saaling gave him
Life and a soldier's part.

Helvig, the fair-browed princess,
Gave him her maiden heart,

Bravely in Alger's castle
Guested a noble throng;
Wild was the Yule-tide wassail,
Gay was the Yule-tide song,

When, with a shout, a spearman
Rushed through the guardless gate:
"Gurth, with his horde of wasters,
Rides in the Saaling Strait!"

Proudly the King of Saaling
Spake from the throne-chair's height:
"Ye that came here for feasting,
Say, will ye bide to fight?"

Down looked the long-haired chieftains;
Stilled were the sounds of mirth;
Weak was the shield of Alger;
Sharp was the sword of Gurth.

Out spake the fair-browed Helvig,
Princess of Saaling-land:
"Kinsmen and friends of Alger,
Long have ye sought my hand.

"Know, I am pledged to Eiler;
Yet do I swear to wed
Him who shall strike the hardest
Warding my father's head!"

Loud as the chant of war-horns
Chorused the steel-girt line:
"Maiden, the meed of heroes,
Hail! for our swords are thine!"

Lone by his hearthstone, Eiler
Wrought on a war-hacked blade;
Thither the blue-eyed Helvig
Came with her bower-maid:

"Here is a true blade, Eiler;
There is the pirate clan.
Him do I wed, whose bearing
Proves him the bravest man."

Cloaked were the arms of Eiler
 (Cloaked was the Heavens' lamp);
Forth in the dark he wended,
 Threading the foeman's camp,

Straight to the scanty guarded
 Thatch of the Pirate King,—
He of his heart's black hatred—
 Gurth of the Iron Ring.

There, in the torch-lit glamour
 Dimmed by the peat-fire smoke,
Strong in his age, the viking,
 Wrapped in a scarlet cloak,

Lay like a sculptured image.
 Doffed was the steel-wrought vest;
Only the beard of silver
 Heaved on the mighty chest.

Swiftly the ready weapon
 Flashed from the leathern sheath;
Keenly the long, bright dagger
 Poised o'er the heart beneath:

“Strike! for thy Love and kingdom!
There lies thy people’s ban!
There lies thy father’s slayer!—”
There lay—a sleeping man.

Up drew the cold-blue dagger,
Gleamed in the flickered red,
Harmless it sank, to quiver
Deep in the couch’s head.

Back from a bootless danger,
Hid in the mirky pall,
Eiler, the Prince of Fuurland,
Clambered the leaguered wall.

Roused with the dawn, the vikings,
Wild as a stream in spate
Swept over moat and rampart,
Surged through the castle gate.

Hopeless for press of numbers,
Alger the King came down;
Silent, to Gurth he proffered
Sword hilt and golden crown.

“God’s peace be with thee, Brother,”
Gravely the viking said;
“Hold to thy crown—’tis shapen
Best for thy kingly head.

“Greatly I longed to see thee
Throned in thy banquet-hall,
And, since thy gates were barred us,
Troth, we have scaled the wall.

“Here is a knife—a token
Left in my sleeping-place
Surely by one that loves me;
Fain would I know his face.”

Forth strode a fierce young kemper
Straight as the Baltic pine:
“Eiler am I, of Fuurland;
Pirate, the knife is mine!”

Hoarsely the sea king murmured,
“Thou?—In the secret night
Thy point was at my bosom?
Thine!—and thou didst not smite!

“Oh, I have wronged thee deeply!
I, that have never sued,
Beg thee to take atonement,
Beg thee to heal the feud.

“See, I am old and childless,
Lone in my wrath and pride.
Come to thine own in Fuurland—
Thou and thy fair young bride!”

So was the old wrong righted,
When, in that far-off time,
Blithely the bridal measure
Blent with the Christmas chime.

A SEA DREAM

OFF the coast of the Isle of Peril,
In the depths of the heaving tides,
All aglow through its walls of beryl
Is the house where the Sea King bides.

There he laughs when the norther rages,
There he dreams while the surges drone;
And the spoils of the fleets of ages
Are the tithes of his sapphire throne.

Through the spray of the booming waters,
Through the chant of the swinging sea,
Thrills the song of the Sea King's daughters—
And it comes as a call to me.

Oh, the sky is a turquoise chalice
And the bar is a golden glaive,
As I plunge to the Sea King's palace
In the gulfs of the cool, green wave!

COUNT ARILD'S HARVEST

A DANISH LEGEND

"My lord the Earl," Count Arild said,
"Thy lawful captive, here I stand;
Yet grant me leave again to tread
Fair Solberg's earth—to plow my land,

"To sow and till those acres wide;
But when the harvest yield is stored
To Aalborg's keep once more I'll ride
And give myself to chain or sword."

"One harvest more? The time is short,"
The Earl replied; "I grant it thee."
Count Arild passed the frowning port
And spurred for Solberg fast and free.

But thrice the Danish fields were sown,
And thrice the waving harvest glowed,

Yet back to Aalborg's keep of stone
The Count of Solberg never rode.

To Solberg's hall Earl Eric came.

"A reed," he cried, "is Arild's oath!
False Count, unworthy knighthood's name,
Thy faith and head are forfeit, both!"

"Nay, Earl," Count Arild laughed, "not so!
For see! my faith and head I keep;
My acorn-fields have much to grow
Before their oaks are ripe to reap!"

Earl Eric stared: Where once the sheaves
Of gathered grain at harvest stood,
The furrows shone with glossy leaves
Of baby oaks,—a future wood.

So wit and shrewdness conquered strife,
And hate in laughter found an end.
The Count of Solberg won his life,
The Earl of Aalborg gained a friend.

In slumber lies the earl, full low;
The Count beside him shares his sleep;
The mighty oaks of Solberg know
That Arild's fields are still to reap.

TO THE MOON

BELOVED of lovers, bards, astronomers,
Mythologists and other lunatics,
What blurs thy shield? The Puritan avers
He finds a Sabbath-breaker stealing sticks
Defined thereon. The Jews placed Jacob there;
The Romans found a Sibyl with a scroll.
A toad, a frog, a cat, a rat, a hare,
Two children bearing buckets on a pole,
An elephant, the green of moldy cheese,
Dark Cain with thorns, his scornful sacrifice,
Upon a fork,—and portents like to these
Are seen from different lands by different eyes;
Yet most upon thy silver surface, trace
A maiden's features,—each, a different face.

THE MERMAN

AN ICELANDIC BALLAD

THE fisher tarred the twisted cord
And cast the net in Borgar Fiord
Where laughs the merman.

And when he drew the hempen snare
He found the merman trammelled there.
Low laughed the merman.

In wrath, he slung the child of foam
Across his back to bear him home.
Still laughed the merman.

And, as he went, upon a mound
He tripped, and cursed the luckless ground.
Light laughed the merman.

His deer-hound leaped in joyful play;
The master drove the dog away.
Clear laughed the merman.

The goodwife came her lord to greet;
He stroked her hair and called her "Sweet."
Shrill laughed the merman.

He drew his boots with sorry cheer,
And vowed they scarce would last the year.
Deep laughed the merman.

"Declare, O Sprite of azure sea,
What cause hast thou to laugh at me?"
Harsh laughed the merman.

"First row me forth a league from shore
And let me creep along the oar."
Soft laughed the merman.

The oar against the thole was laid;
The sea-waif perched upon the blade.
Then laughed the merman.

And when he felt the billows break,
In bitter mood the urchin spake:
Free laughed the merman.

“I laughed: If thou hadst loosened me,
Fair winds had ever followed thee.”

Gay laughed the merman.

“I laughed: The captive’s lot was mine;
A ban is laid on thee and thine.”

Loud laughed the merman.

“I laughed to hear thee curse the mound;
The wealth it hides shall ne’er be found.”

Glad laughed the merman.

“I laughed to see thee spurn away
The beast that loves thee, come what may.”

Wild laughed the merman.

“I laughed to see thee stroke the head
Of her that fain would have thee dead.”

Fierce laughed the merman.

“I laugh! Thy boots will last full long,
For thou shalt die at evensong.”

BREATH OF WINTER

DOWN from the North comes Uller!
Down with the northwind, he,
Ruddy and clear of color,
Storms on the speeding skee,
Flocking the fowl before him;
Plunge through his drifts the deer;
Sturdy and hale adore him,
None but the weaklings fear.
Hoarfrost and rime his breathing;
Ice-azure glint his eyes;
Snow-clouds a-whirl and seething
Show where his pathway lies.

Steel on the ice floe ringing,
Rending the tasseled bough,
Wrecking with shout and singing—
God, yea, and Boy art thou!

Thine is the snow-bent rafter,
Thine is the hooded byre,
Thine are the dance and laughter,
Thine is the roaring fire!
Bow till your branches splinter,
Forests! he rules again.
Welcome the Breath of Winter,
Maker of stalwart men!

RAGNAROK

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

Ho! Heimdal sounds the Gjallar-horn:
The hosts of Hel rush forth
And Fenris rages redly
From his shackles in the North;
Unleashed is Garm, and Lok is loosed,
And freed is Giant Rime;
The Rainbow-bridge is broken
By the hordes of Muspelheim.
The wild Valkyries ride the wind
With spear and clanging shield
Where all the Hates embattled
Are met on Vigrid-field;
For there shall fall the Mighty Ones
By valiant men adored,—
Great Odin, Tyr the fearless,
And Frey that sold his sword.

And Thor shall slay the dragon
Whose breath shall be his bane.
The gods themselves shall perish;
The sons of the gods shall reign!

Old Time shall sound that boding horn
Again and yet again,
To rouse the warring passions
That swell the hearts of men.
Revolt shall wake, and Anarchy,
With all their horrid throng—
Revenge, Destruction, Rapine,
The spawn of ancient Wrong,
With all the hosts of slaughter
That our own sins must breed—
Cold Hate, Oppression's daughter,
And Rage, the child of Greed.
Then, though we stand to battle
As men have ever stood,
Down, down shall crash our temples,
The Evil and the Good;
Yea, all that now we cherish
Must pass—but not in vain.

The gods we love shall perish;
The sons of the gods shall reign!

So, strong in faith, or weak in doubt,
Or berserk-mad, we range
Our spears in that long battle
Which means not Death, but Change.
Our highest with our lowest
Must own the grim behest,
And Good still yield for Better,—
Else how should come the Best?
Yet if we win our portion
How dare we crave the whole?
And if we still press forward,
Why need we know the goal?
But those whose hearts are constant
And those whose souls are wise
Have said that from our ashes
A nobler race shall rise
From shards of shattered altars
To rear the Perfect Fane.
Our little gods must perish
That God Himself shall reign!

TO SIR THOMAS MALLORY

WELL met, Sir Thomas! guide and comrade true
In many brave adventures. Slow, God wot,
Have dragged the years since last in Camelot
By Arthur's hall the bridle rein we drew.
Of Bedivere,—of Bors what tidings new?
What gallant tale is told of Launcelot,
The courteous knight? Old friend, hast thou
forgot
How rang the walls when round the table flew
That biting lay on Cornwall's coward King
Of blithe Sir Dinadan? With snowy crest
And stainless shield, what young knight fares
upon
The charmèd road of high adventuring?
Alone, I ride a long and weary quest.
Oh, bid them wait for me in Avalon!

KING ARTHUR AND THE HALF-MAN

THE summer day was long and hot;
King Arthur rade from Camelot,

And worn with court-craft, sought repose
Among the groves where Ivel flows.

There, whiles he lay in shadows dim,
A wondrous sight appeared to him.

A shadow drifted toward the king—
A clouded, human-seeming thing,

A futile, fleeting, feeble shape
With listless arms and mouth agape,

Devoid of purpose, force or will—
The foolish half-man, Keudawd Pwyll,

That quavered out in plaintive key:
“Great king, arise, and strive with me!”

Loud laughed the champion, "Ho! ho! ho!
Shall Arthur strive with such a foe?"

The form that seemed of vapor spun
Waxed huge and black against the sun,

Of goodly girth and ample height,
A burly carl of brawn and might

That voiced a challenge bold and free:
"Arise, O man, and strive with me!"

Still paltered Arthur. "Nay!" he said.
"What need of strife? My hardihead

"Is proved and known; and peace is best
In summer's glow. So let me rest!"

Gigantic swelled that gruesome form,
His head a cliff, his brows a storm;

All ruth, all guile he cast away;
He spurned the monarch where he lay

And bellowed forth in evil glee:
"Thou fool! Arise, and strive with me!"

Then Arthur rose for very shame.
He grappled, strove, and overcame;

But deep it made his heart to groan
Before that wight was overthrown;

And sore he taxed his vaunted strength
Before the giant lay his length!

So panted Arthur: "Aye! forsooth,
He called me 'Fool'—and spake the truth.

"Yea, 'fool!' to scorn a feeble foe
While false indulgence made him grow!"

.

Boast not thy strength. Make no delay.
That foeman waxes day by day.

Strike swift! let cravens flinch or flee
If Half-Man Habit challenge thee!

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

A POTENT fairy lived in Arthur's day,
Her name Trinali, beautiful and wise,
Who vied with Merlin. No divided sway
Compelling sprites of waters, hills, and skies
Would either brook; and each in anger swore
The necromantic oath that none may break
To change by spells the form the other wore.
By chance they met beside the Haunted Lake,
And as they met they loved, though bound they
were
To war in wizardry. What then?—The elf
Trinali waved her wand and made him, her;
While Merlin changed Trinali to himself!
“How perfect is our marriage!” laughed the two;
“For you are I, Belovèd; I am you!”

THE KNIGHTING OF GALIEN

“HITHER! with hauberk and shield, I say!
Arm me and bid me go!
Ringing his bridle, my gallant gray
Stamps in the court below.

“Bless me and helm me, O mother mine!
Now that I ride for fame,
Tell me I come of a noble line;
Tell me my father’s name!”

“Go, if it must be, thou heart of fire!
(Guard thee from Death and Sin!)
Carry this ring to thy warlike sire,
Olivere, Paladin!

“Scarred in the brunt of a hundred fights,
Fearless he rides and free,
Brother-in-arms to the chief of knights,
Roland of Brittany.”

Lightly he leaped to the carven selle;
Proudly his charger trode;
Clattering up from the stony dell
Out through the world he rode.

.

From Roncesval, o'er vale and mound
A solemn blare of martial sound
That thrilled the air and shook the ground
Upon the breeze was borne.
The mountains groaned in wrath and dole;
The forest quivered, bough and bole,
When Roland poured his warrior soul
Through Olifant, his horn.

Fast rode the King of many years;
And fast the iron-armored Peers
And all the host of pennoned spears
Athirst for vengeance, flew
Through dark defile and rugged glade,
Nor spared the rowel as they rade;
But swifter Galien spurred to aid
The sire he never knew.

Yet, ere the vale his steed might gain,
The first and last of Roland's train,
Death's Harvesters, on hills of slain
Had fallen in the fray.

With cloven helm and shattered sword,
With shield and armor hacked and gored,
And all their valiant blood outpoured,
The stalwart Barons lay.

Upon a wave of dead upborne
Lay Roland of the sounding horn
Defiant still in rigid scorn,
With falchion poised to smite;
While one that watched the noble clay
Undaunted, held the foe at bay;
The lorn survivor of the fray,
A sorely wounded knight.

Straight to that warrior Galien flew:
"Answer! by Jesu dear!
Where is my father, thou liegeman true,—
Paladin Olivere?"

Eyes that were glazing awoke in joy,
Gleamed on the token-ring:
“I am thy father, my gallant boy!—
Cometh my Lord, the King?

“Ah!—at my heart is the clutch of Death.—
Strong be thy young right hand!—
Hearken the charge of my dying breath!—
Honor a last command.

“Fallen is Roland! the peerless lord;
See where he lieth low.
Here is the hilt of thy father’s sword;
There is the paynim foe!”

Sadly he gazed on his father’s corse;
Gladly he seized the sword;
Madly he roweled his plunging horse
Straight on the heathen horde.

.
Then, roaring like an iron sea,
Bore down the vengeful chivalry
Of Flanders, France, and Burgundy
Upon the host of Spain.

The Saxon spearmen cleared a space
For Richard of the Norman race;
And rose and fell the crashing mace
Of Ogier, hight the Dane.

Where-e'er the point of battle veered,
The King, with Oriflamme upreared,
The silver buckler of his beard
Across his heaving chest,
Before the foremost of his band
With streaming eye, but certain hand
Unwearied drave the shearing brand
Through Moslem shield and crest.

"A Roland! Roland!" rose and rang
The cry above the martial clang;
The sweeping falchion flashed and sang,
The whistling arrow flew;
But ever first the foe among
Rode Galien, silent, fierce, and young,
While, darting like an adder's tongue,
His father's sword bit through.

Gathered the knights in an iron ring.
Slain were the foe or fled.
Shaken with sorrow, the mighty King
Bowed him above his dead.

Twilight descended in gentle ruth,
Veiling a bleeding land;
Strode through the circle a wounded youth,
Bearing a broken brand.

Onward, regardless of Prince or Peer,
Never a word he dealt;
Down by the body of Oliver
Laying the steel, he knelt.

Gently the gauntleted hands he crossed
Over the Bane of Men:
"Father! my father, regained and lost,
Take thou thy sword again!

"There is the wreck of the sword he gave,
Shattered on paynims fell.
Roland, great Paladin, from thy grave
Tell him I used it well!"

The mirk air stilled to awed repose,
And brave hearts thrilled and pulses froze;
The hand of Roland slowly rose,
 Though stark in death he lay,
And yielded to that youthful lord,—
The son of him his heart adored,—
Durenda bright, the cherished sword
 That shore through rock as clay.

Then spoke the King! in tones that pealed
Like downright ax on beaten shield:
“Kneel, boy! Upon this stricken field
 Where Valor’s self is laid,
I dub thee knight,” the Monarch said;
“Keep Honor, Faith, and Hardihead!”
And, with the hand of Roland dead
 Bestowed the accolade.

LANCELOT

“AND there thou liest, Lancelot!

The bravest sword in Christenesse;
And I must speak that truth, God wot
Thou wouldst not hear for shamefacednesse:

“Unmatcht thou wast, of strength or art,

In joyous joust or stricken field;
And yet, thou hadst the gentlest heart
Of all that ever bare a shield.

“The goodliest knight thou wast, withal,

That ever spurred among the presse;
The truest lover that in hall
E’er vailed his plume to Loveliness;

“Heart’s truth!—thou wast the courteoust knight

That ever rode on ladie’s quest;
But, toward thy foe, the sternest wight
That ever laid a lance in rest!”

So mourned Sir Ector, that did bend
His noble brother's corse to see;
And so, alas, my friend, my friend!
The woe is mine to speak for thee.

LEGEND

BOWLDERS huge the dales encumber
Where, in necromantic slumber
 Arthur lies with all his peers
Through the long, long days of summer,
Through the long, long nights of winter,
 Through the hundred, hundred years.

Gray is all the vale untrodden,
Cloud and crag are gray and hoddén,
 Gray the earth whence nothing grows;
Gray the hue of hills and rocks is;
Nothing red is there but foxes,
 Nothing black is there but crows.

Deep the cavern: Twelvescore bowmen,
Fivescore knights with tenscore yeomen
 Sleeping, hedge their sleeping lord,

Who reposes, silken-vested,
Golden-bearded, massy-chested,
Strong and silent as his sword.

Aye, the sword; what arm may guide it!
There it hangs, a horn beside it,
Near the cavern's outer bounds
Where in dreams of greenwood chases,
Clean-limbed, sprawl in fancied races
Fourteen packs of coupled hounds.

When the world is old and weary,
Loveless, lawless, mirthless, dreary,
Racked with doubt, by discord torn,
One shall come, in youth immortal,
Who shall cross the gloomy portal,
Draw the sword and blow the horn.

Broke shall be the spell; up-leaping
Hounds, fullcry, shall rouse the sleeping;
Steed shall neigh and steel shall ring;
Forth shall ride the doughty fighters,
Hate-subduers, evil-righters,
Knights and yeomen round their king.

QUEEN YSEULT'S BELL

SIR TRISTRAM, riding over field and fell

Afar from her he loved, in Lyonesse

By strange adventure won a fairy bell

Whose mellow magic drove all heaviness

From pining hearts. The talisman he sent

To bright Yseult, who, on the Cornish throne,

Discrowned, bewailed her lover's banishment.

Her white hand shook the bell; it's charmèd tone

Assuaged her bosom's grief. But, "Ah," she

thought,

"Would I be glad while Tristram mourns for me?

Shall he buy Love with tears, and I pay naught?"—

She rose and flung the bauble far to sea.

They know not Love, that do not love to share

With those that give them love, both joy and care.

OSSIAN'S RETURN

STRONG Ossian hath dwelt in the Land of the Fay
Where hundreds of years are as brief as a day,
Where joy is the joy that can never be told
And youth is the youth that shall never grow old—
Until he grows sick for the strivings of men
And longs for the green hills of Erin again.

“Bring forth the white steed that is crowned as a
king,
That is swift on the hills as the cool wind of
spring,
That's shodden with silver and bitted with gold!
Farewell, Princess Nea, so fair to behold!
I gallop the waves to the emerald shore
To hunt with the great-hearted Finna once more!”

“Farewell then, my husband, if sever we must!
Though Finn and his armies are long of the dust,

Goodspeed to the soft-bosomed isle of thy birth!
But set not thy foot on its death-tainted earth
Or vainly my night-watching taper will burn,
For strong-handed Ossian will never return."

He came. But, alas for thy fame, Innisfail!—
Could these be the sons of the conquering Gael
That crowded around in a wondering throng?—
Great Finn and his kindred were fables in song;
The crosier had triumphed; forgot was the brand;
The word of Saint Patrick was law in the land.

But hark! to his ear from a neighboring glade
That sheltered a chapel, a clamor for aid!
For they that had wrought at the lintel were thrown
And pinioned to earth by so weighty a stone
That vainly a score of their fellows might strive
To heave up the burden and save them alive.

Strong Ossian put spur to the flank of the steed.
Down-reaching, he lifted the stone like a reed
And hurled it the length of a towering mast;
But rent by the strain of that valorous cast

Were gem-studded saddle and gold-fretted girth.
The hero lay prone on the death-giving earth.

The years that had passed in the Land of the Fay
Came flocking like vultures to burden his clay.
The golden locks faded to silvery white,
And wasted his sinews and darkened his sight
As feebly he chanted with faltering breath
Farewell to green Erin and welcome to Death.

“Hail, true-hearted heroes of whom I was one!
O Finn of the Legions, make room for thy son!
Though Death crowns my doing, 'tis little I care,
For well do I know in the high minds ye bear
That moment of effort for men will outweigh
My ages of ease in the Land of the Fay!”

GAWAINE'S CHOICE

THROUGH Arroy Forest rode one Summer day
Three knights of Arthur's Court—Uwaine the
young,

Marhaus the grave, and Gawaine, light and gay;

And there beside a spring with boughs o'erhung,

They saw three ladies bright, who bade them take,

Each knight, his damosel to guide him where
Adventures were. "Then I"—'Twas Uwaine
spake—

"For wisdom choose the dame with silver hair."

"The second dame, for that her years are mine,"

Grave Marhaus said, "with me shall ride the
quest."

And Gawaine laughed, "The maid of youth divine

With me shall fare because—I like her best!"

Alack! there fails a moral to the song;

But was the careless Gawaine wholly wrong?

THE BLACK DOUGLAS

“BUSK ye, my merry men all
For the forest and fell!
Dale of the Douglas and hall
Of his fathers, farewell!

“Raise the portcullis in air;
O'er the moat drop the span.
Southrons, come take if ye dare—
And then keep if ye can!

“Cold is the comfort we yield
To the tyrannous horde;
Here shall they sleep on the shield
With a clutch on the sword.

“Hard though the couch of our foes
In my Castle of Dread,
Soft is the bracken that grows
In the woodlands of Jed;

“Purer the heavenly arc
Than the reek of the house;
Sweeter the song of the lark
Than the squeak of the mouse.

“There in the forested lands
Shall we ’stablish our steads—
Thank God who gave us gude hands
For the keep of our heads!

“Come from the croft and the field,
From the holm and the weir!
Troop with the ax and the shield,
With the bow and the spear!

“Buckle the scabbardless brand
In a war without truce!
Strike! for the rule of your land
And the right of the Bruce!”

WAR

GOD rears the sword.

With justice, not in vengeance, smites the Lord.

Whence came the steel? What forges wrought the
brand?

Enough. It suits His hand.

Men die. Realms, nations, races rise sublime

To fall, forgot of men, in that grand scheme—

The Mind's despair, the Soul's prophetic dream,

The endless toil of Him Who knows not Time.

Why falls the blow? That peoples may be free

In deed and thought; to ward the stroke of Cain

That wounds the slayer deeper than the slain;

To cure some cankered wrong we cannot see.

God rears the sword.

In mercy, not in anger, smites the Lord.

THE SEA-PEAS

A LEGEND OF SUFFOLK IN 1555

IN Red Queen Mary's woeful reign

A year-long curse oppressed the earth;
No harvest gladdened croft or plain,
And all was famine, fear, and dearth.

The cattle died in field and stall,

The children starved in house and street;
Right glad were dainty mouths to call
The acorn's bitter provend sweet.

Young Matthew Fulke of Ald'bro Town

Arose from out a fevered bed:
"True Suffolk hearts, be not cast down,
For God hath heard your cry," he said.

"Since field and forest yield no more,
And all the garnered grain is spent,

Come forth along the naked shore
And take what fruits the Lord hath sent!"

Where Alde, the river, meets the sea
There lies a barren, pebbled reach
Betwixt The Vere and Slaughden Quay—
The arid miles of Orford Beach;

Along that waste, in want and heat,
They trudged behind him, young and old;
The shingle crunched beneath their feet,
In rustling waves the beach-grass rolled.

And long they knew no other sight
Than arch of sky and toss of foam,
With here and there an arrowed flight
Of wind-blown swallows faring home.

But now upon the pebbles gray
A tangled wealth of vines was seen
With dancing blossoms, fresh and gay,
And ripened pods enmeshed in green.

Where never plow had stirred the sand,
By mortal labor never sown,
The sea-peas grew on every hand—
A Providence in sterile stone.

And so the famine's march was stayed.
But men forget the Long Ago;
The forest doves alone invade
The wastes where still the sea-peas grow.

.

But, "Ah!" you say, so worldly-wise,
"Perchance upon that stony shore,
Regarded not by careless eyes,
The sea-peas grew long years before!"

Aye, true. 'Twas only sore distress
That made the hungered seek and find;
The miracle was there, no less,
As others are—but men are blind.

THE MOTHER

THIS legend, grim and wild yet rich in truth,
Was framed in Cordova in Gothic days:
By Guadalquivir's water dwelt a youth
Who loved a woman fair beyond all praise;
Yet deeply foul, a Lamia in disguise,
To win whose poisoned kiss he periled all—
His wealth, his faith, whatever she might prize
That would he give and vow the gift too small.
One day in guileful hate she cried, "Alack,
Thy mother grieves me; slay her; bring me
straight
Her heart!"—He did her will; and, hasting back,
Fell headlong down before the witch's gate.
How sweetly spake unto that erring one
The Mother's heart: "Oh, art thou hurt, my son?"

THE QUEST

A LITHUANIAN FOLK-SONG

SWEET was the song that the Princess trolled
To the Youth as he rode away:
“Bring me the Flower of the Winter Cold
And the Snow of a Summer Day!”

Afar he fared and his heart was bold—
He feared not flood nor fray,
Yet he found not the Flower of the Winter Cold
Nor the Snow of a Summer Day.

The night was clear and the white moon rolled
When under the oak he lay
And dreamed of the Flower of the Winter Cold
And the Snow of a Summer Day.

There came a Bird with a crest of gold
And caroled a roundelay,

And all of the Flower of the Winter Cold
And the Snow of a Summer Day:

“I see the fir on the frosty wold,
The foam on the waves at play,—
And there is the Flower of the Winter Cold
And the Snow of a Summer Day!”

He took of the plume of the fir tree old
And the foam of the billow gray,
And brought her the Flower of the Winter Cold
And the Snow of a Summer Day.

STEFAN OF MOLDAVIA

An incident in the career of the Rumanian hero, Stefan the Great, prince of Moldavia, who in the fifteenth century held the gates of the Balkans against the Turks. It was said of him that he reigned forty years, won forty victories, and built forty churches to commemorate them.

BENEATH the castle's guarded wall
He draws the rein; he bares his face.
Above the turret sounds his call,
Against the portal clangs his mace:

“Ho! Mother, bid them ope the gate!
My brand is scattered far and wide;
And hard behind, in eager hate,
The Turkish janizaries ride!”

The lady answers proud and clear:
“Nay, stranger! Doff that borrowed guise,
[101]

And tell the foes that sent thee here
Thou canst not cheat a mother's eyes.

“These gates unbar for one alone!
Then spare thy strength and save thy breath.
My Stefan, born to mount a throne,
Returns in triumph, or in death!”

He bows his head; he draws the steel;
He casts away both sheath and shield.
His stallion feels the roweled heel.
He seeks again the doubtful field.

.

The day declines; the twilight falls;
And half in light and half in shade
The watch upon the castle walls
Describes a gallant cavalcade.

Its leader bids the bugles ring;
He lifts his voice above the din:
“Unbar the portal for your king
And let his liegemen enter in!

“Their swords have turned the tyrant foe
 (Be thanks to God, the Great and Just!);
And see! behind us, humbled low,
 The crescent banners trail in dust!”

The lady views the noble train;
 She speaks again in joy and pride:
“What! shall your king command in vain?
 Make haste and fling the portal wide!

“And spread the feast; and tend the harms
 Of these that have both fought and won.
And let me clasp him in my arms,
 For now in truth returns my son!”

THE JUDGMENT OF FLOWERS

A BULGARIAN LEGEND

BEFORE the gate that guards the sacred bower
Where blossoms, lost to earth, again shall blow,
The Water-Lily, holy, vestal flower,
Whose golden heart is held in cups of snow,

Sits, judging souls of blossoms, fragrant-leaved.
To each she says, "Belovèd sister mine,
Declare in truth what good thou hast achieved
With all the wealth of sweetness that was thine."

The Rose avows, "My tale is quickly done.
Still, though I lay half-hid beneath a tress
Of silken hair, I trust I gladdened one
Who gladdens all that know her loveliness."

"And I? My day I lived apart from men,"
The tender Wood Anemone replies.

“And yet perchance within my mossy glen
I cheered the vagrant bees and butterflies.”

An Alpine flower, the deep Forget-me-not
Whose turquoise gemmed the never-trodden
snow,

Her trustful answer breathes: “God cast my lot
On stainless heights. From dawn to sunset glow

“I watched the wondrous sky. The solemn song
Of winds by night I heard, the distant roar
Of storms beneath. Remote from strife and wrong,
I lived, I bloomed, I loved—and nothing more.”

Then speaks the Lily: “Enter, sisters all,
With equal right, the Garden of the Throne!
For God asks naught but service, great or small;
And some may serve Him best by love alone.”

COSSACKS OF THE DON

AN OLD RUSSIAN WAR SONG

WHERE arid grasses grew not
The steppe was brown and bare;
The clear-eyed falcon flew not,
Nor fled the small white hare.

Five hundred men we counted;
A stallion each bestrode;
They saw us as we mounted,
But not the while we rode.

Two thousand horse hoofs drumming
The deserts of the Don,
A storm of lances coming,
A cloud—and we are gone!

“Ho! Guider of the Slaughter
That ridest in the van;
We ford the Volga-water!
We strike the Tartar Khan!”

THE ROBBER

AN ANCIENT RUSSIAN BALLAD

THEY seized the Thief on the Plains of Yar
And haled him, bound, to the Bearded Tsar,
Who bade a funeral bell be tolled
And spake a word to that Robber bold:
“O thou that much I have longed to see,
What comrades rode on the raid with thee?”

Then loud as winds o’er the Plains of Yar
He flung his brag to the Bearded Tsar:
“My first good friend was the moonless night;
My second friend was a saber bright;
My third, a steed with a mane of snow;
My fourth, the arch of a bended bow;
And, sharp and swift from the bowstring freed,
My messenger was a feathered reed!”

The Tsar smiled grim on the Robber Chief
And spake once more to the haughty Thief:

“Right well thou knowest thy trade to ply—
To steal, and bandy the shrewd reply;
And thou shalt have, by the saints that live!—
A guerdon such as a Tsar should give—
A palace built on the Plains of Yar
With two tall posts and a tough cross bar!”

THE MOURNERS

A RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG

A NOBLE youth lies dead upon the plain;
Above his form, their heavy braids undone,
His mother old, his gentle sisters twain,
And fair young bride bewail their darling one.

The mother's tears flow like the river's tide;
Like April torrents mourn the sisters two;
Like dew in August weeps the youthful bride;—
The sun will rise and gather up the dew.

MIKÚLA THE PEASANT

A RUSSIAN APOLOGUE

DOMINION behind him, Adventure before,
Away with the dawning rode brave Svegatór,
The wind in the tangle of raven-hued curls
That flowed from a helmet incrustured with pearls.
The crest of the hero was proud in the sky;
Beneath his arched instep a sparrow could fly;
In gold slept the scimitar none else might hold,
His mantle of sables was buckled with gold.

He rode through the morning, he rode through the
 night,
But where was the labor to challenge the might,
The vigor, the ardor that surged in his veins
As fiercely as Volga when swollen with rains?
“Oh, would that a ring in the heavens were set!—
I’d wrench it till mountains and firmament met!

Oh, would that a pillar were fast in the sands!—
I'd grasp it and brandish the world in my hands!"

There galloped his way in a tumult of speed
A mountainous wight on a thundering steed;
Uncouth were his garments, his features were
fair,

Like haymows in harst were his masses of hair,
His muscles were iron, his eyes blue and mild—
The strength of a giant, the heart of a child.
Two pouches of weight on his shoulders he bore;
They fell in the pathway of brave Svegatór.

"Fair lord," begged the stranger, "thou valiant
voivode,

Pray, lift me the burden that cumpers thy road."
The hero dismounted, he stooped to the plain,
He labored, he struggled, he wrestled amain,
He tugged at the pouches, he panted and strained
Till down his pale temples the ruddy drops rained,
But vain were his strivings. Then wearied he
cried

To him that sat motionless, wondering-eyed,

“O thou that bestridest the shaggy-maned horse,
What weight in thy pouches defieth my force?”
Unmoved, spoke the wayfarer, stolid and slow,
“The weight of the world,—of its want and its
 woe.”

“Thy name?” asked the hero, “O marvelous one!”
“Men call me Mikúla the Villager’s son,”
Full humbly he answered. He bent from his beast,
Uplifted the burden and rode to the East.

The sunlight behind him, the shadow before,
Away to the Westward rode brave Sveगतó. *r*
“He dreams not,” he murmured, “his might and
 its worth

Who bears on his shoulders the burden of Earth.
Good hap that the force of those masterful arms
Is bound to the labor of forests and farms,
For, woe to the Princes, when, patient so long,
Mikúla the Peasant shall know he is strong!”

THE REVOLUTIONIST

FROM A RUSSIAN PROSE POEM OF TURGENEV

I SAW a spacious house. O'erhung with pall,
A narrow doorway pierced the somber wall.
Within was chill, impenetrable shade;
Without there stood a maid—a Russian maid,
To whom the icy dark sent forth a slow
And hollow-sounding Voice:

“And dost thou know,
When thou hast entered what awaits thee here?”
She answered, “Yes. I know, and do not fear.”
“Cold, hunger, hatred, Slander’s blighting breath,”
The Voice still chanted, “suffering—and Death?”
“I know,” she said.

“Undaunted, wilt thou dare
The sneers of kindred? Art thou steeled to bear
From those whom most thou lovest, spite, and
scorn?”

“Though Love be paid with Hate, shall that be
borne,”

She answered.

“Think! Thy doom may be to die
By thine own hand, with none to fathom why,
Unthanked, unhonored, desolate, alone,
Thy grave unmarked, thy toil, thy love unknown,
And none in days to come shall speak thy name.”
She said, “I ask no pity, thanks, or fame.”
“Art thou prepared for crime?”

She bowed her head:
“Yes, crime, if that shall need,” the maiden said.

Now paused the Voice before it asked anew:
“But knowest thou that all thou holdest true
Thy soul may yet deny in bitter pain
So thou shalt deem thy sacrifice in vain?”
“E’en this I know,” she said; “and yet again
I pray thee, let me enter.”

“Enter then!”
That hollow Voice replied. She passed the door.
A sable curtain fell—and nothing more

“A fool!” snarled some one, gnashing. Like a
prayer,
“A saint!” a whispered answer thrilled the air.

“THERE IS NO TSAR”

THE Lord spake to Pharaoh: “Let my people go.”

And still the fetters clanked, the lash was plied.
The love of God is boundless, the wrath of God is
slow;

But Pharaoh’s heart was hard—and Pharaoh
died.

The Lord spake to Cæsar: “Set my children free.”

The Eagle’s shadow darkened land and foam
Till rolled the Gothic billows, an iron-crested sea,
And ruin whelmed the ancient walls of Rome.

The Lord spake to Russia. His thunders filled the
skies.

But deaf are tyrants ever. Wide and far
At last, in chainless anger the maddened millions
rise,

And round the world resounds, “There is no
Tsar!”

THE JUDGMENT OF KAISER JOSEF

“GOD made me Man before men made me King;
To be a Man remains the higher thing.”
Thus spoke good Kaiser Josef, honored still
In Austria for deeds of kindly will,
The simple tales of which, remembered well,
The Viennese, who loved him, love to tell.
One summer day the Kaiser rode alone
From court and park to cheerless walls of stone—
The prison of the citadel, to speak
Brave words to raise the low, to cheer the weak.
He turned to one, dark-browed and ferret-eyed:
“My friend, what brought you here?” “Oh,
Kaiser,” cried
The culprit, “I am guiltless of all wrong!”
“So?” murmured Josef. Then the fettered throng
Caught up the word, and each, on bended knee,
Cried, “I am guiltless, Kaiser! Set me free!”—

Yes, all save one, who, head and shoulders bowed,
Stood wan and still beyond the noisy crowd.
On him the Kaiser gazed: "And you," he said,
"Are guiltless, too?" The prisoner raised his head
And groaned in grief and shame beyond control,
"No, Sire; my children hungered—and I stole,
God pardon me!" The Kaiser's gentle hand
Caressed the drooping form. "I understand,"
He whispered; "May God pardon all."—
"Ho, Guard!"—The Emperor's summons thrilled
the hall;—
"We'll send this naughty fellow home again
For fear he should corrupt these 'guiltless' men!"

BAYARD

(1514)

KING may plot and Cardinal scheme,
Burghers traffic for golden pelf,
Lost to duty the folk may seem—
None for others and each for self;
But, oh! the change when the trumpets ring
And the pennon shakes on the lifted lance,
Priest and parliament, count and king,
Lords and people are all for France!
Honor wakes in the hearts of men;
Knights and paladins mount and ride,
For Bayard is in the saddle again,
The golden spur in the dappled side.

Faithful friend, gallant foe,
Fearless heart, strength of ten,
Forthright tongue, downright blow—
Bayard is in the saddle again.

(1914)

Thrones may totter and crowns may fall;
Fortune favor, or ill mischance;
Buoyant, eager, and brave through all
Beats, undaunted, the heart of France.
Swift from the scabbard, her sword-blade keen
Leaps at the challenge of life or death;
All that's petty or base or mean
Shrivels to naught in the cannon's breath.
Honor marshals the vanward, when
Toss her battleflags far and wide,
For Bayard is in the saddle again,
The golden spur in the charger's side.

Faithful friend, gallant foe,
Fearless heart, strength of ten,
Forthright tongue, downright blow—
Bayard is in the saddle again.

THE KING'S CHAMPION

BENEATH a pall of cloth of gold

They gave him scepter, orb, and ring;
As one of more than earthly mold

They crowned his brow, they called him "King!"

Then, up the rich and splendid line

Where princely circlets flashed and glowed,
To prove his master's right divine
The Champion, full armored, rode.

The Champion, whose ancient name

Was once the theme of song and tale,
The Champion! whose puny frame
Could hardly bear the antique mail;

Whose arm, untrained in any art,

His fathers' sword might scarcely raise,
Yet must he mock the knightly part
His fathers played in ruder days.

While trumpets blew a silver blast
He gazed around with haughty eye;
Upon the pave a glove he cast
And piped his challenge, weak and high:

“What traitor doubts our Monarch’s right
To reign? My gauntlet here I fling
And dare the knave to mortal fight
With sword and lance!—Long live the King!”

Awed silence held the throng a span,
When, straight as spear or arrow-shaft,
Out stepped a Man, a stalwart Man,
Who spake no word, but looked—and laughed!

He laughed with deep, full-throated zest
The laugh of fresh, glad-humored mirth
Of one who sees the gorgeous jest
Of pride of rank and wealth and birth.

And as he laughed all eyes were cleared;
Rich laughter rolled from side to side;
In gales of laughter disappeared
The silk and gold of pomp and pride,

Loud laughed the lords of high renown;
The princes laughed as loud as they;
They laughed their painted 'scutcheons down.
The earls and barons laughed away

Their orders, crests, and jeweled swords.
And last, the king laughed too! And then
There were no princes, peers, and lords
Or dukes or kings—but only Men!

OF HIS OWN COUNTRY

QUIVIRA

FRANCISCO CORONADO rode forth with all his
train,

Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred
spears of Spain,

To seek the desert's glory whereof the tale is told—
The City of Quivira, whose walls are rich with gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded
spur at heel,

With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile;
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin
marshals of the throng,

Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks with trumpet
note and song.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved by serf and
lord,

There walked a gallant soldier, no braver smote
with sword,

Though naught of knightly harness his russet
gown revealed;
The cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his
shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers and
angry hearts grew tame,
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray
Padilla came;
And brawny spearmen bowed their heads to kiss
the helpful hand
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men
understand.

What pen may paint their daring, those doughty
cavaliers!
The cities of the Zuñi were humbled by their
spears;
And Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow
Of blades that won Granada and conquered
Mexico.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally call was blown
Where Colorado rushes down through God hewn
walls of stone.

Then, north and east, where deserts spread and
treeless prairies rolled,
That fairy city lured them on with pinnacles of gold.

On all their weary marches to gain the flitting goal
They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart
and soul.

He salved the wounds that lance thrust and flinty
arrow made,

He cheered the sick and failing, above the dead
he prayed.

Two thousand miles of war and woe behind their
banners lay,
And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened their
array,

When came a message fraught with hope for all the
steadfast band:

“Good tidings from the northward, friends!
Quivira lies at hand!”

How joyously they spurred them! how sadly
drew the rein.

There gleamed no golden palace, there blazed
no jeweled fane;

Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met
their view—

A squalid Indian village, the lodges of the Sioux!

Then Don Francisco bowed his head. He spake
unto his men:

“Our search is vain, true hearts of Spain, now turn
we home again.

And would to God that I could give that phantom
city’s pride

In ransom for the gallant souls that here have
drooped and died!”

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn hand-
ful bore;

But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once
more.

His soul still longed for conquest, though not by
lance or sword;
He burned to show the heathen the pathway to
the Lord.

For this he trudged the flinty hills and parching
desert sands,
While few were they that walked with him and
weaponless their hands—
But cheerily the man-at-arms, Docampo, rode
him near,
Like Great Heart warding Christian's way through
wastes of Doubt and Fear.

Where still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies
toss,
Among the red Quiviras, Padilla reared his cross.
Beneath its sacred shadow the tribesmen of the
Kaw
In wonder heard the gospel of love and peace
and law.

They gloried in their brown-robed priest; and
often, dark in thought,
The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the
word he brought,
While round the kindly man-at-arms their lithe-
limbed children played
And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his
guarded blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its
curving shell
The friar rose at dawning and bade his flock
farewell:
“—And if your brothers northward be cruel,
even so,
My Master bids me teach them; and dare I
answer, ‘ No ’?”

But where he trod in quenchless zeal the path of
thorns once more,
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plume
of war.

Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were
most his own:

“My children, bear the tidings home; let me die
here alone.”

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling
Sioux.—

“Forgive them, O my Father, they know not
what they do!”

The twanging bowstrings answered. Before his
eyes, unrolled

The City of Quivira whose streets are paved
with gold.

SUNRISE

AS THE NAVAJO SEES IT

THE Hero-god, returned from deeds of might
In underworlds of terrors unrevealed,
Hangs high within the gates of pillared white
On heaven's turquoise wall his golden shield.

THE COLD-WOMAN

A NAVAJO LEGEND OF WINTER

NAYENGEZANI, Destroyer of Wizards,

Bearing the war club, the quiver and bow,
Sang as he strode through the roar of the
blizzards

Over the road to the Mountain of Snow—

“There dwells the Cold-Woman, high on her bar-
row,

Sending the Winter to fetter the land;
Her shall I slay with the flint-headed arrow,
Freeing my race from her evil command!”

Deserts he traversed through perils uncounted,
Fearless of weapons, regardless of spells;
Threading the ice-cumbered cañon, he mounted
Clear to the crag where the Storm-Brewer dwells.

Wrinkled and agèd, unfed, unbefriended,
Lacking the lodge fire's comforting glow,
Shivered the Cold-Woman, tempest attended,
Shaking the robes of her pallet of snow.

Swept in a cloud through her frigid dominions,
Vague in the mists that enveloped her form,
Snow buntings fluttered on eddying pinions—
Spies for the Winter and heralds of Storm.

Loud spake the Hero: "Thy harsh rule is ended!
Cruel my errand! The Spring to restore,
Ready to slay thee my strong bow is bended;
Men from thy rigors shall suffer no more!"

Tossing her tresses, she answered in sorrow,
"Loosen the arrow and slay, if thou wilt,
Blindly triumphant, forgetting the morrow!—
Mine be the triumph and thine be the guilt,

"When all the prairies, the forests, and mountains
Parch in a Summer that findeth no close!
When all the rivers and nourishing fountains
Fail for the lack of my bountiful snows!

“When not a breath of my blustering season,
Health-giving, freshens a pitiless sky!
When those thou lovest, undone by thy treason,
Thirsting shall perish and fevered shall die!”

Low spake the Hero, unnocking his arrow:
“Mine is the folly! Thou, Mother, art wise.
Rule as thou wilt from thy snow-shrouded barrow,
Sender of blessings that come in disguise!”

Nayengezani strode down through the ranges
Homeward, untainted with death-doing wrong,
Blessing the Year for its glorious changes,
Weaving his thought in a burden of song:

“Dark is the East Wind and yellow the West Wind!
Blue is the South Wind and white is the north!
Who hath the wisdom that knoweth the best
wind—
Save the Creator Who sendeth it forth!”

SIGNS OF RAIN

ZUÑI INDIAN

THE circling swallows twittered all the morn;
At noon the bluebirds called amid the corn;
At dusk the frogs with pipings filled the plain;
At night the bats, in flying, spoke of rain.

The sun went down behind a misty veil
While red-faced rose the moon; the stars were pale;
And now a sweep of shadow rides the grain
And earth is pierced with arrow-flights of rain.

THE STAR-PLANTERS

THEM stars! Oh, how often I've laid on the prairie
And watched them go sweeping around,
My broncho a-dozing beside me, and nary
A breeze nor a whisper of sound!

I've learnt the main bunch in the heavenly ranches:
There's Jupiter, Venus, and Mars;—
Religion? He don't know its primary branches
What ain't been alone with the stars.

Some clusters are branded,—the Dipper, the Lion,
The Eagle, the Sarpent, the Bear,
The Horns of the Bull and the Belt of Orion
And Cassy O'What's-her-name's Chair;

But most of them's mavericks, roaming the ranges,
Unclaimed in the herds of the sky,
No part of the big panorama that changes
From winter to summer;—and why?

Well, maybe it's gospel, or maybe he sold me,
But here is the yarn that the Priest,
Chitola, who bosses the Navajos told me
The night of the corn-planting feast:

When all of the mountains were set in their places
And threaded with cañons and rills,
The star-worlds, the last of the mighty creations,
Were laying in heaps on the hills

In masses of silver, of gold and of copper
All polished and shining and new,
Poured out on the granite like corn from the hopper
Awaiting their place in the Blue.

Now, first came the Bear of the Mountains, who
faces
The North, from his cave in the scaurs;
He lifted his paws to the heavenly spaces
And laid out his picture in stars.

Then over the peaks of his western dominions
The Eagle who battles the storm

Flew up to the heavens with star-dusted pinions
And printed the lines of his form.

And next, that the tribes and the nations might
wonder,

The Buffalo leaped to the sky;
The shag-headed Bison whose bellow is thunder
Emblazoned *his* image on high.

But now came Coyote, so crafty and clever,
A scallywag all the way through,
The yap-throated, critical varmint, who never
Is pleased with what other folks do.

Sez he, "These here stars were intended to brighten
The uttermost reaches of Night;
But *you* fellers waste them in pictures to heighten
Your glory, and that isn't right!

"*Jest watch me! I'll show you how stars should be
planted!*"—

He jumped in the glittering piles,
He kicked and he gamboled, he danced and he ranted,
He scattered them millions of miles!

So that's why they glimmer at sixes and sevens,
 Stampeded all over the vault,
A shame and disgrace to the orderly heavens;—
 It's all that Coyote chap's fault.

And still you can hear him, the yelping Coyote,
 A-mocking the stars in the dim
Of night on the barrens, with yammerings throaty,
 While *they* look reproachful at him.

THE LEGEND OF THE MEASURING-WORM

WHERE Merced the river comes forth from the hills
Of wondrous Yosemite, barren and lone,
El Capitan lifts from the cañon and fills
The sky with his bigness, a bulwark of stone;

Time-weathered El Capitan shadows the trail,
That giant enthroned whom the Indians term
Old Tu-tok-a-nu-la—Great Chief of the Vale;
The magical Cliff of the Measuring-Worm.

.

Like bronze-shafted lances aglow in the sun
They flashed through the waters that echoed
their noise,
They startled the valley with rollicking fun—
Do-e-no and Ah-no, two Indian boys;

They raced with the trout of the silvery gleam
Till, wearied of sport, from the shallows they crept

To climb a huge boulder awash in the stream;
And there, in the warmth of the noontide, they
slept.

But hidden there lay in that boulder's deep breast
The Wizard who claimed all the dale as his own—
The Chief of the Valley; in wrathful unrest
He troubled the heart of the ponderous stone;

That stone through his power heaved upward and
rose
A magical mountain sheer-sided and high,
Till, girdled with clouds and their burdening snows,
It lifted the lads to the vault of the sky.

Now, far spread the news like the wind-hurried
flame
On the prairie; and swift as the torrent descends
The beasts from their lairs in the wilderness came
To rescue their two little playmates and friends.

And up leaped the Field-Mouse—but only his
length;
And up leaped the Squirrel—but only to fail;

And up leaped the Beaver—for all of his strength
He dropped with a smack on his paddlesome tail.

And up leaped the Grizzly, the chief of his clan—
To shiver the hills with the shock of his fall.
The Cimarron leaped as a Cimarron can;
The great Mountain-Lion leaped farthest of all;

Yet, lofty and smooth as the face of the moon,
That cliffside, unvanquished, loomed over the
plain;

The crafty Coyote, the wily Raccoon
Held powwow and council—but ever in vain.

But while they were leaping or striving to climb,
The Measuring-Worm, that was feeblest of all,
Was hunching and creeping, an inch at a time;
For hours and hours he measured the wall.

And while he was climbing, behind him he spun
A gossamer filament; fearless and firm,
He labored from setting to rising of sun
And triumphed—that conquering Measuring-
Worm!

Do-e-no and Ah-no in gladness and hope
Acclaimed him; and, seizing the shimmering
strand,
They reeled up a thread, then a thong, then a rope,
And came down the precipice, hand over hand!

.

Still Tu-tok-a-nu-la looks over the dells
And dreams of the day when the oak was a germ;
And still in his shadow the Indian tells
The marvelous tale of the Measuring-Worm.

THE LITTLE BROTHER

AN IROQUOIS LEGEND

THE pines in the dusk were sighing,
The flame in the lodge burned low,
The Chief of the Woods lay dying,
Weak as a broken bow.

He spake to the youth before him,
The child of his younger days;
He spake to the maid that o'er him
Bowed like the rain-wet maize:

“Son with the panther’s litheness,
Straight as the shaft that flies—
Maid with thy mother’s blitheness,
Maid with thy mother’s eyes,

“Cleave unto one another;
Guard in the tangled wild
The steps of your Little Brother
That is but a helpless child!”

The Chief, on the heavy morrow
They laid in the narrow grave;
But though for the Space of Sorrow
They held to the trust he gave,

Too weak was the will to smother
The call of the world of men;
The face of the Elder Brother
Turned to the tents again.

Too strong was the dumb desire
That woke in the lonely maid;
Urged by the secret fire,
She fled from the quiet glade.

The cubs of the forest clearing
Lie warm in their house of stone;
The Waif of a softer rearing
Is left in the lodge, alone.

.
A year and again another
Passed like the firefly's gleam,
When, as the Elder Brother
Voyaged a starlit stream,—

Hark! could the cry be human,
The cry that the forest gave?
The blade of the bronze canoeman
Drove deep in the wounded wave,

And, swift as a lance, he darted
His prow to the pebbly edge.—
Oh, weird was the Shape that parted
The reeds and the rustling sedge!

With teeth that were sharp and savage,
Hair that was rough and wild;
The form of a beast of ravage,
The face of his father's child!

The eyes of his tender mother
Undimmed through the elf-locks shone,
The voice of his Little Brother
Uprose in a bitter moan:

“Oh, where was a brother's kindness,
Where was a sister's shame?
They left me, in selfish blindness,
To die by the dying flame.

“The blood of my father fled me;
I starved like a thing accursed;
The wolves of the forest fed me,
The wolves of the forest nursed.

“The wolves that ye kill for robbing
And curse in your evil mood!
I wept—did ye hear my sobbing?
I hungered—they brought me food.

“And now,—for the elk are feeding
And hot is the red deer’s track,—
I follow the gray wolf’s leading!
I hunt with the shaggy Pack

“Full cry through the leafy arbors!
My home is the rocky den,
For warm are the breasts it harbors
And cold are the hearts of men!”

Then, stricken, the Elder pleaded:
“Come back from the beasts that prowl!”
The voice of the man, half heeded,
Was drowned in the wolf pack’s howl,

And, bristling, the Wood-waif started;
 "Nay! I am a Wolf!" he cried.
A Wolf, through the brush he darted,
 A Wolf, to the wolves replied.

.

O Sons of the one Great Mother
 Made blind by the Mists of Greed,
Beware lest your Little Brother
 Be turned to a Wolf indeed!

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

BOSTON, 1631

THE curse of Cain was on the earth;
The leaden heavens frowned;
The Winter closed with cruel dearth
And gripped the fruitless ground.

Behind us rose the somber wood,
Before us stretched the foam—
A thousand leagues of briny flood
That sundered us from Home.

The meager mussel was our meat;
We robbed the squirrel's hoard;
Our barren glebe beneath our feet,
We cried upon the Lord.

"Arouse your souls against despair,"
The godly Winthrop said,
"And chuse a day of fast and prayer;
For surely, He who led

“Our wanderings across the wave
Shall hear us when we plead,
And stretch a mighty arm to save
His people in their need.”

Behold! when all is bleak and drear
And want assails the land,
How God delighteth to appear
To work with wondrous hand!

For, even as we made to deal
To one that hungered sore
The utmost handful of our meal,
A shout arose from shore.

An hundred watching eyes descried
Through Winter's misty pall
The good ship *Lion* breast the tide
With provender for all.

Then joined the voice of first and least
A hymn of thanks to raise;
Our day of Fasting changed to Feast
And Prayer gave way to Praise.

So, once in every year we throng,
Upon a day apart,
To praise the Lord with feast and song
In thankfulness of heart.

APPLEDORE

ENCHANTRESS Dawn hath wrought a rosy spell
And cloud-built turrets crown a perfect day.
Good-by, O, brave brown sails that eastward swell
Beneath a rainbow arched athwart the spray!

The fisher fleet hath left the Isles of Shoals;
The kerchief'd women leave the rocky shore
Where, purring like a tiger, Ocean rolls
To cast the clinging weed on Appledore.

And children's voices chime above the roar
Of billows on the crags of Appledore.

.

Across the sky the tattered storm-wraiths sweep;
Their work is done, fierce Wind, away, away!
For, like a sated beast, the white-ridged Deep
Is snarling sullenly above his prey.

Three deaths there are that Ocean gives his own—
The Wave, the Reef, the Monster of the Vast;
A hundred deaths he holds for them that moan
And shrink from every waif the billows cast.

And oh, the sodden wrack along the shore!
And oh, and oh, the reefs of Appledore!

THE ROYAL AUVERGNE

YORKTOWN, 1781

The last redoubt at Yorktown was taken mainly by the regiment of Gatinais, of which the Count de Rochambeau had been colonel, and which regained, as a reward for its bravery on this occasion its former title, "*D'Auvergne sans tache.*"

ABOVE the camp and bristling trench,
Above the wind-bent spars
The Bourbon Lilies swelled and furled
Beside the Thirteen Stars;

In buff and blue, and white and green
The Allies' firm array
Begirt the town, where, dark and stern,
The Earl Cornwallis lay.

St. Simon, Lincoln, La Fayette,
And Wayne, the fierce and free,
Kept guard on land, while bold De Grasse
Unchallenged rode the sea;

Yet, undismayed and hopeful still
Of succor from without,
The stubborn foeman held his ground
Behind the last redoubt.

Uprose the Count de Rochambeau
And spoke with flashing glance:
“This night your King hath need of ye,
O Grenadiers of France!

“Be yours the task by push of steel
Yon grim redoubt to earn.
Remember, we were comrades once—
My lads of old Auvergne!”

Outspoke the grizzled Corporal
That bore the livid scar:
“Our hearts, my Count, are stout as when
We followed thee to war;

“And still we’ll fight at thy command
Till every man be slain,
But—give again our name of old—
‘Auvergne without a stain!’”

“A soldier’s wish! a soldier’s speech
That speaks a soldier’s pride!
And who that pleads in Honor’s name
Shall find his suit denied?

“There lies your way, my Grenadiers!
And when that fort ye gain
Ye win anew the vaunting name—
‘Auvergne without a stain!’”

They formed. They charged. A hostile gun
Awoke in sullen ire;
The wrathful ramparts rent the night—
A crown of darted fire;

But, rank on rank, with steady step,
They crossed the death-swept plain
And forced the threatening barrier—
“Auvergne without a stain!”

De Lameth fell!—Deuxponts led on!—
They swarmed the parapet,
And fierce and deadly raged the war
As Gaul and Hessian met!

Till, rang a shout of victory
To listening Washington—
“The work is done!” the Leader said,
“Thank God!—and nobly done!”

And when the allied armies formed
To meet the yielded foe,
And troop by troop and corps by corps
Were ranged in gallant show,

Though one remained where two had stood,
The proudest of the train
Were they who bore the thrice-earned name—
“Auvergne without a stain!”

WASHINGTON AT MONMOUTH

OLD General Scott of the rollicking nights
Was home from the last of his Indian fights,
A grizzled campaigner, enjoying his ease,
As gruff and as bluff and as kind as you please.
At Braddock's Disaster he first drew a sword;
He'd served under Washington, whom he adored;
He'd taken his luck in the Trenton campaign;
He'd stormed Stony Point with Mad Anthony
Wayne;

And now toward the close of his glorious day
He governed Kentucky with jovial sway,
As merry as sunshine, as wholesome as air;
But, give him occasion, and how he could swear!

His chaplain, companion in bivouac and storm,
Resolved to accomplish a needed reform;
And, like a good soldier in strategy tried,
Advanced on the Governor's tenderest side.

“Such language,” he said, “isn’t fit to be heard!
Did ever your General use such a word?
Come, Governor, tell me the truth if you dare!—
I’m sure that you never heard Washington swear!”

The Governor looked like a boy that is chid,
Thought sadly,—then chuckled his answer: “I
did!

Just once. ’Twas at Monmouth—oho! I was
there!

And that was a day to make anyone swear.
He’d planned it. Our forces were posted in style
To give ’em a dose they’d remember a while,
When Lee, with the regiments wild to attack,
Lee ran like a turkey; at least he fell back.

“Now up rode my General, wrathful, amazed;
And thunder, volcanoes and guns! how he blazed!
He swore at nine full generations of Lees;
He swore till the leaves fairly danced on the
trees.

Was never such swearing in earnest or play
As his on that most unforgettable day!

'Twas charming; delightful. He swore like a
Prince

Of the Russias;—such swearing I've never heard
since.

But nothing ignoble! 'Twas lofty and high;

He swore like an angel come down from the sky.

'Twas worth a right arm, Sir, to hear and to see

The way that my General swore at Charles Lee!"

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS

Commodore Thomas Macdonough, victor in the Battle of Lake Champlain, September, 1814, hailed from Delaware, whose best fighting men were known from Revolutionary days as "The Blue Hen's Chickens."

SOU'-SOU'EAST of the Woods of Penn
Lies the Nest of the Old Blue Hen—
The garden spot beyond compare
Known as the State of Delaware.
Dutchman, Yankee, Finn, and Swede
Filled the land with a stalwart breed,
Cleared the forest, sowed the maize,
Back in the old Colonial days;
Then, in "the times that tried men's souls,"
Put their names on the muster-rolls
And marched away with courage stout
To drive King George's Redcoats out.

North with the Delaware Regiment
Captain Jonathan Caldwell went,
Taking along, to amuse his men,
Sundry chicks of an Old Blue Hen.—
Yes, they had their minor crimes;
Men “fought cocks” in those wicked times,
And the best-plucked birds from the Gulf to Maine
Were the fighting cocks of the Old Blue strain;
And like those birds, the books declare,
Were the men who marched from the Delaware;
For fight they could, and fight like the dickens,—
So the Army called them, “The Blue Hen’s
Chickens!”

.

Once again was the land at grips
With mad King George’s troops and ships:
Macdonough sailed on Lake Champlain—
A fighting cock of the Old Blue strain.
His fleet, new-built of lakeside pine
And oak, he ranged in battle line
Where Plattsburg’s headland rears its crag;
The *Saratoga* bore his flag.

The foe came down; the fight was hot;
Port and starboard crashed the shot;
Heavy broadsides, stroke on stroke,
Battered the Flagship's walls of oak,—

When,—a bolt from a British sloop
Broke the bars of the chicken coop!
Forth upon the blood-stained deck
Strutted a Bird with arching neck.
Up he flew to the splintering spars
Under the Flag of Fifteen Stars
And crowed and crowed and crowed again,
For *he* was a Cock of the Old Blue Hen!
And the grimy sailors down below
Laughed and cheered to hear him crow,
And kept the rapid guns aflame
Till down the British ensign came!

.

Bravely flung to the autumn breeze
Floats the Flag on the lakes and seas
From bending masts and dipping spars,
And two score-eight are its Clustered Stars.

Two score-eight, in their silver sheen,
Cluster the Stars that were once Thirteen;
And there's Peace in the East, Peace in the West,
From the Golden Gate to the Blue Hen's Nest
There is Peace. And the Peace that ye hold so dear
Was won by men who laughed at Fear;
So may we have, in time of need,
More Fighting Cocks of the Blue Hen's breed!

THE SNARLERS

WHEN the mighty Maccabean led the armies of the
Lord,
And the cohorts of Nicanor feared the red Judean
sword,
Though he bore a people's sorrows, though he
periled life and fame,
Like the shrilling of the locust rose the bitter cry
of blame,
With the murmur and the clamor and the hiss and
hoot and groan
Of the narrow clan that fancy all hearts evil, save
their own:
"Ah! he fought upon the Sabbath!—broke the law
of hearth and home!
Down with Judas Maccabeus! who would sell the
land to Rome!
So they left that noble leader in their envy and
their pride,
And he fell, for them, in battle. He was happy
that he died.

Seven years the Great Virginian faced the legions
of the king,
Braving, with his ragged heroes, warfare's rage
and winter's sting,—
Strong in peril, calm in triumph, lion-hearted
through despair,
Till the cloud of conflict lifted and a new-born
flag was there.
Through the smoke of field and bivouac, yea, when
armèd strife was done
And he toiled to weld a nation of the realms his
sword had won,
Came the cry of hate and malice fostered by the
poisoned pen:
“Dotard! traitor! false usurper!” brawled the
breed of little men.
Peace! the Cañon of the Ages echoes not the ass's
bray.
While his name resounds forever, his defamers—
who were they?
Noble, wise, and simple-hearted, rock against a
hundred jars,
Lincoln wrought with constant purpose to unite the
sundered Stars.

Who may guess his burning anguish that his hand,
which sought to heal,
First must wound what most he cherished—search
the land with flame and steel!
Ever when his need was sorest, loud the spiteful
cry uprose;
Fiercely, bitterly they chorused, feignèd friends
and open foes,
Every action misconstruing, every motive splashing
black,
Every mouth its venom spewing, “Butcher! ty-
rant!” yelped the pack,
Till the murderous bullet smote him and he died
as martyrs die;
And a nation’s wail of mourning gave those dastard
throats the lie.

Think! ye shrill and frequent carpers, jealous of
the public weal,
Truly, may not they who govern love their land
with equal zeal?
May not those who work in silence build in fact a
noble dream?
Free your hearts of cant and rancor! Purge your
souls of self-esteem!

Delve no more in petty errors till your eyes are
dim with dust!

View with broader, clearer vision; seek to fathom,
learn to trust.

Hail! true souls that, uncomplaining, take the truth
of foe and friend,

Fearless front the hidden danger! Ye shall tri-
umph at the end.

For the men that do are deathless, spite of scoff
and sneer and curse,

While the snarlers are forgotten,—or remembered,
which is worse.

LINCOLN

DARE *we* despair? Through all the nights and days
Of lagging war he kept his courage true.
Shall Doubt befog our eyes? A darker haze
But proved the faith of him who ever knew
That Right must conquer. May we cherish hate
For our poor griefs, when never word nor deed
Of rancor, malice, spite, of low or great,
In his large soul one poison drop could breed?

He leads us still. O'er chasms yet unspanned
Our pathway lies; the work is but begun;
But we shall do our part and leave our land
The mightier for noble battles won.
Here Truth *must* triumph, Honor *must* prevail;
The Nation Lincoln died for cannot fail!

THE SCOUT TRAIL

WASHINGTON blazed it through wilderness snows,

Wearing the hunting shirt, bearing the pack,
Braving the winter and treacherous foes,
Out to the turbid Ohio and back.

Carson and Crockett and Boone and the rest,
Hunter and fighter and bold pioneer,
Carried it southward and carried it west—
Follow their moccasins, treading it clear!

Over the mountains they furthered the way;
Still in the distance new ranges were blue.
Sure with the rifle and hatchet were they,
Deft with the paddle and buoyant canoe.

Guarding the hamlet that rose in the glen,
Guarding the train from the savages' wrath,
Living free-hearted and dying like men—
What must they be who would follow their
path?

Cleanly in body and cleanly in mind,
Loyal and resolute, patient and strong,
Fearless and generous, cheerful and kind,
Stalwart in shielding the weaker from wrong.
Whether it lead through the peace of the vale,
Whether through cities that bustle and hum,
Scouts of America, follow that trail,
Treading it plain for the millions to come!

OF HIS OWN TIMES

THE CALL TO THE COLORS

“ARE you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee?
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of ye.”
“Here!” from the sandy Rio Grande
Where the Texan horsemen ride.
“Here!” the hunters of Kentucky
Hail from Chatterawha’s side.
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer, “Here!”
“Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;
They shall lead their sons to battle
For the Flag if need there be.”

“Are you ready, California,
Arizona, Idaho?
‘Come, oh, come unto the colors!’—
Heard ye not the bugle blow?”
Falls a hush in San Francisco
In the humming hives of trade;
In the vineyards of Sonoma
Fall the pruning-knife and spade;
In the mines of Colorado
Pick and drill are flung aside;
Anchored in Seattle harbor
Swing the merchants to the tide—
And a million mighty voices
Throb responsive like a drum
Rolling from the rough Sierras,
“You have called us, and we come.”

Over Kansas runs the challenge,
Over lake and over plain:
“Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are ye ready, Men of Maine?”
From the woods of Ontonagon,
From the farms of Illinois,

From the looms of Massachusetts,—

“We are ready, man and boy.”

Axmen free, of Androscoggin,

Clerks who trudge the city paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder

From the gray and hungry waves,
Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,

Celt and Saxon swell the cry,
And the Adirondacks echo,

“We are ready, do or die!”

Truce to feud and peace to faction!

Stilled is every party brawl
When the warships clear for action,
When the battle bugles call.

Kings may brag of standing armies—

Serfs who blindly fight by trade;
We have twenty million soldiers
With a soul behind each blade.

Laborers with arm and mattock,
Laborers with brain and pen,
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman,
Build our line of fighting men.

Flag of righteous wars! close-mustered
Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
Where thy stars are sternly clustered
With their daggers toward the foe!

THE RUSH OF THE "OREGON"

THEY held her South to Magellan's mouth,
Then East they steered her, forth
Through the farther gate of the crafty strait,
And then they held her North.

Six thousand miles to the Indian Isles!
And the *Oregon* rushed home,
Her wake a swirl of jade and pearl,
Her bow a bend of foam.

And when at Rio the cable sang,
"There is war, there is war with Spain!"
The swart crews grinned and stroked their guns
And thought of the mangled *Maine*.

In the glimmered gloom of the engine room
There was joy to each grimy soul,
And fainting men sprang up again
And heaped the blazing coal.

Good need was there to go with care;
But every sailor prayed
Or gun for gun, or six to one
To meet them, unafraid.

Her goal at last! With joyous blast
She hailed the welcoming roar
Of hungry sea-wolves curved along
The strong-hilled Cuban shore.

Long nights went by. Her beamèd eye
Unwavering searched the bay,
Where, trapped and penned for a certain end,
The Spanish squadron lay.

Out of the harbor a curl of smoke—
And a watchful gun rang clear.
Out of the channel the squadron broke
Like a bevy of frightened deer.

Then there was shouting for "Steam, more steam!"
And fires glowed white and red,
And guns were manned and ranges planned,
And the great ships leaped ahead.

Then there was roaring of chorusing guns,
Shatter of shell, and spray;
And who but the rushing *Oregon*
Was fiercest in chase and fray!

For her mighty wake was a seething snake;
Her bow was a billow of foam;
Like the mail-gloved fists of an angry wight
Her shot drove crashing home.

Pride of the Spanish Navy, ho!
Flee like a hounded beast!
For the Ship of the Northwest strikes a blow
For the Ship of the far Northeast!

In quivering joy she surged ahead
Aflame with flashing bars,
Till down sunk the Spaniard's gold and red
And up ran the Clustered Stars.

Glory to share? Aye, and to spare;
But the chiefest is hers, by right
Of a rush of fourteen thousand miles
For the chance of a bitter fight.

THE ROUGH RIDERS

*BROADCLOTH, buckskin, coat of blue or tan,
Strip it off for action and beneath you'll find a Man.
The boy that bucked the center and the lad that roped
the steer
Chum in fighting fellowship, charging with a cheer.*

Their horses are picketed leagues away,
Their sabers are on the nail;
They have taken the rifle; at break of day
They have taken the narrow trail.

The shimmering blade of the bayonet
Is red in the dawning sun;
'Twill burn with a ruddier crimson yet
Or ever the work is done.

"Now why do the scavenger grave-crabs go
A-cluttering down the dell?"
"Oh, ask of the vulture hovering low;
It may be that he can tell."

“Is yonder the gleam of a mountain stream
In boscage, creeper, and root?”

“Quick!—Drop ye down in the jungle brown
And cuddle your stock, and shoot!”

The hunters stripped to the cartridge belt
And stalked in the seething maze.
The Indian-fighters crawled and knelt
And pulled at the rifle blaze.

Kentucky fought with a grim delight
And Texas with his soul;
But the football rusher reared his height
And plunged for the deadly goal.

They yelled disdain of the driving rain
Of steel that bit and tore.
If the wounded sobbed, it was not for pain,
But that he could fight no more.

Then, volleying low at the hidden foe
They rushed him,—two to ten;
They were trained in the rule of an iron school
And they were their Colonel's men.

From thicket to thicket and glade to glade
And out to the jungle's marge
They harried him back on a clotted track
And formed for the final charge.

Hark to the swell of the Rebel yell,
The bugle calm and clear,
The "uh-luh-luh-loo" of the tameless Sioux
And the roar of the Saxon cheer!

The Baresark awoke in the Teuton folk;
The Roman was born anew;
The pride of the blood of the Maccabee
Revived in the fighting Jew;

While, up from the right, like a storm at night,
Rilled with the riving flame,
Their eyes ashine, in a steadfast line
The Negro troopers came.

Sons of the Past,—her best and last,—
At Freedom's bugle call
The Races sweep to the conquered keep
The Flag that shelters all.

In peace ye prate of the needs of state
And winnow your meager souls
Refining if this be Truly Great,
And quake at clouded goals.

When we trust our weal to the clashing steel
The Land calls forth her own;
Then it's ho! for the men of heart and brain
And blood and brawn and bone!

*Broadcloth, buckskin, coat of blue or tan,—
Rip it with a bullet and beneath you'll find a Man.
The boy that bucked the center and the lad that roped
the steer
Chum in fighting fellowship, charging with a cheer.*

TAPS

MANILA, FEBRUARY 5, 1899

WITH arms reversed, and colors low,
And dirge, in evening calm,
We lay the lads who loved the pine
To rest beneath the palm.
In spite of tropic scene and sky
And leagues of Eastward foam,
Within no alien mold they lie—
Where rest our dead is Home.
They won with life, they hold in death
For that which floats above;
And o'er their grave for aye shall wave
The banner of their love.
Across the tomb the volleys peal,
And, as the shadows fall,
Floats clear, in tender requiem,
The mellow bugle call:

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“Lights out!—
Slumber well—
Ye who toiled, ye who died for the Flag—
'Neath its folds—
Ever rest;—
Good night.”

A GREAT ECONOMIST

GOVERNOR LEARY of Guam

Holds court in the shade of a palm;
He comes of the race that thinks fighting is play,
That jokes with to-morrow and blarneys to-day,
That governs by instinct, but hates to obey.—
Is that why they sent him to Guam?

They gave him, like Sancho, an isle
To rule with benevolent guile.
The natives were lazy; they didn't know much;
Their manners were fine, but their morals were such
That Decency galloped away on a crutch
And Vice lounged around in a smile

But Leary, a ruler of force,
Admonished his subjects, of course.
He taught them that Manhood by industry thrives;
He showed them the folly of triplicate lives,
And greatly reduced their assortments of wives
By crude, yet effective divorce.

Yet hear of the feats of his quill,
Ye students of Spencer and Mill!
He issued an edict, to which all must bow,
That each sturdy loafer must harrow and plow,
And harbor and cherish twelve hens and a cow,
The fruit of his labor and skill.

Oh, Leary effendi, salaam!
Return from the isle of the palm!
Give laws to a populace burdened with care;
Compel me to flourish with carriage and pair,
And make every beggar a quintillionaire!—
Why squander your genius on Guam?

ELSEWHERE, R. F. D.

LIKE other town-bred folk, I dwell
Within a storied citadel

Against which tides of clangor beat,
At Number Something, Somewhere Street.

But round about Thanksgiving time,
When cider foams, when nuts are prime,

When pumpkin pies are fair to see,
My home is Elsewhere, R. F. D.

Beyond the railway's rigid lines
The road deflects through miles of pines

And stubble fields and fallow lands—
Till there the prim white farmhouse stands.

Four windows gleam on either side
Of one deep doorway, opening wide

Where hearth and lamp combine to throw
On all within the kindly glow

That says, more plain than speech of men,
"Right glad to see ye back again!"

A breeze that cools, yet rarely chills,
Brings fresh from farms and far, blue hills

Those whiffs of brushwood smoke, and loam
That tell the rover, "This is home."

I meet again the old-time folks,
I hear again the old-time jokes;

And what with poultry, cows, and sheep
And colts and pigs and meals and sleep,

And all the walks and sounds and sights,
And all the talks and tales o' nights,

And all the best that life can give,
It keeps one busy just to live.

So when I'm there I do not think
To bother much with pen and ink;

But should you write a card to me,
Address it, "Elsewhere, R. F. D."

UNDER THE GOAL POSTS

WE had battered their weakening rush line till it
gave like a wisp of grass

To the push of the padded shoulder and the brunt
of the plunging mass.

And thrice, by our heavy rushes and runs that
would stir your soul,

We had carried the grass-stained football in tri-
umph beyond their goal.

Defeated, wearied, hopeless, five minutes more to
play,

They lined beneath their goal posts—our dearest
foes, at bay.

Across the trampled oval there boomed a steady roar
That shook the crowded benches, demanding "One
more score!"

Their plucky little quarter held up a muddy hand;
We heard his hearty whisper: "We'll hold 'em;
now, boys, stand!"

We hurled our weight upon them; their center met
the shock
Well-braced, with hip and shoulder, and held us
like a rock.
Again we charged; they wavered, they bent and
swayed—and then
They surged as ocean surges and bore us back again.
We tried for goal; our full-back drove the pigskin
clean and fair;
Their sturdy guards came leaping through and
blocked it in the air.
Each arm became a bulwark, each chest became a
shield,
And steady as a phalanx they bucked us down the
field
Until the last shrill whistle and banners wildly tossed
Proclaimed the game was over. We'd won, and
they had lost.

They lost, yet half in triumph. 'Tis not that I
would seem
To dim the cloudless glories of our great, unbeaten
team,

But still, should fortune fail us at length, the hope
is mine

That we may stand as they did upon the last white
line;

That we may show the courage and stubbornness
of soul

That balked our eager rushers beneath their very
goal.

IN TRAINING

THE scent of loam from the new-plowed farms,
A silver moon in a velvet sky,
A whip-lash wind on the knitted arms
And a joyful hail as the rout goes by:

“Come! with the bound of the running-track,
The four-mile canter, free and slow,
The wolf-like rush of the football pack
And the dancing step the lacrosse men know!”

With breath deep drawn for the heart's full beat,
The head held high and the shoulders square,
The earth well packed for the light-pressed feet,
And a breeze to play in the tossing hair,—

“Ho! for a dash to the river shore
By the straight-cut road or the paths that wind
With a strength that laughs at the miles before
And the pride of youth in the miles behind!”

THE INDIA PASSAGE

PANAMA, 1903

FROBISHER, Cabot and Hudson and Drake,
Probers of river mouth, inlet, and bay,
Sang, with the broadening seas in their wake,
“Northward and Westward!—We’ll search out
the way!

“Follow the scent of the Islands of Spice!
Seadogs of Britain or Holland, hark on!
Burst through the envious ramparts of ice!
Ho, for the treasures of Presbyter John!

“Locked in the land-fettered chest of the sea,
Pearls of Cipango and silks of Cathay
Wait for the Hero that findeth the key;
West, North, or South,—we shall find out the
way!”

Where be the galleys that ranged on that quest?
Caverned in ocean or beached on his sands.
Where the Adventurers?—God give them rest!
Wild were their hearts and the work of their
hands.

Barring the path to their Land of Desire
Reaches a Continent, high land and low,
South to the desolate Island of Fire,
North to the ocean of ice-pack and floe.

Now at the link of the Western domain
Where the first flash of the farthestmost sea
Gladdened the hardy world-ranger of Spain
Beckons the Toiler—undaunted as he:

“Come with the mattock, the dredge, and the
spade,
Burst through the rock wall and delve through
the clay!
Ocean and ocean as one shall be made!
West through the Isthmus I’ll carve out the
way!”

Rover or Toiler, the end is the same:

Blindly we follow the Infinite plan,
Playing with water, earth, ether, or flame,
Binding the world for the kinship of Man.

BUSINESS

WE were youthful, crude, and foolish when a Demagogic Ring
Had a difference of opinion with a Parliament and King.
And their reckless agitation set the Nations by the ears
And entailed a wasteful warfare for the space of seven years.

Then the empty name of "Freedom" was the only thing we gained!
While we prospered, did it matter whether King or Congress reigned?
How much better had they listened to the warnings from the Throne
To preserve Existing Order and let well-enough alone!

But they interfered with Business in a most disastrous way;

For the Merchant couldn't traffic, the Consumer couldn't pay,

And our Credit was as worthless as the echo of a song.

Yes, they interfered with Business, which was manifestly wrong.

Now, of all Commercial Ventures for the enterprising mind

There was none of greater profit than the sale of humankind;

Being older than the Pharaohs, it was patently correct,

For the Negro had no right that any White Man need respect.

But these Demagogues and Ranters they must agitate and rave

With their philanthropic twaddle of "the Sorrows of the Slave"

Till they won the Blacks the freedom that was only
meant for Whites
And impoverished the Nation by destroying Vested
Rights.

Yes, they interfered with Business; they invoked
the dreadful curse
Of a war that drained our life blood—and our
money, which was worse;
With their cant of “Equal Justice,” with their
anarchistic din,
Oh, they interfered with Business—the Unpardon-
able Sin!

Don't you interfere with Business, be the business
what it may.
Don't you interfere with Business, interference
doesn't pay.
Let the briber breed corruption with his foully
gathered hoard;
Let the money-changers flourish in the Temple of
the Lord;

Let the poison venders prosper, let the franchise
grabber cheat,

Let the deft financial juggler pile up millions
through deceit,

Let the sharper tempt the gudgeon with his shining,
gilded lure,

Let the grafter burst his coffers with the plunder of
the poor,

Let the soul betrayers batten in their depths of
native slime!

Don't you interfere with Business though that
business be a crime!

Live in oily, fat complaisance! Be a sweet, sub-
missive clod!

No, don't interfere with Business—if the Dollar
be your God!

A MODERN INSTANCE

THIS isn't poetry—class it as verse;
Neither the subject or treatment is new;
Take it for better or take it for worse,
What can be worse than the fact that it's true?

Bartos Voislowsky was only a Pole,
Destined for nothing exalted or fine,
Born for the purpose of carrying coal
Out of the heart of the Larrikin Mine—

Carting the anthracite day after day
Forth from the mountain-bulk, blasted and
drilled,
Leading his mule on the perilous way
Past the black pit where his father was killed.

Bartos Voislowsky, at sixteen a man,
Cared for his mother and all of her brood—

Three little brothers, a clamorous clan—
Finding them shelter and clothing and food.

Bartos Voislowsky was earning his wage
When, with a billow of smothering breath,
Down in a tumult of thunderous rage
Roared the blue slate-rock and crushed him to
death.

Then said the Coroner: "Case forty-nine:
Bartos Voislowsky; we find that the same
Came to his death in the Larrikin Mine,
Crushed by a rock-fall—and no one's to blame."

No one to blame! though a timberless roof
Threatened his life every step that he trod.
No one to blame. In defiance of proof,
No one to blame! 'Twas the Hand of his God!

One more brave miner lies mangled and dead;
One more poor widow is mourning her son;
Three more wee children are crying for bread,
No one to feed them, and naught's to be done.

Count it in millions, the worth of that mine;
 (What is the worth of a life and a soul?)
Seek not for payment of pension or fine;
 That would diminish the profit on coal.

Wherefore: Let "Justice" be purchased in stealth;
 Timber is dearer than sorrow of wives;
Bow to that ark of your covenant, Wealth.
 What should be cheaper than God-given lives?

NO ONE TO BLAME

THE People chose a Mayor who was affable and
bland,
Because the Bosses named him and he bore the
Party Brand.

The Mayor made Appointments from among his
Party Friends,
And thus redeemed his Pledges and advanced his
Party's Ends.

These Friends awarded Contracts, in the customary
way,
To sundry wise Contractors who could make the
Business pay.

And then the wise Contractors, who approved of
Party Rule,
Put up a Gorgeous Building for a Model Public
School;

Its walls were lath and plaster and the stairs were
kindling wood.

The Mayor's keen Inspectors viewed the Work
and found it good.

A Fire swept the Building (no, that wasn't in the
Plan;

How frail amid the Elements the Artifice of Man!);

Two hundred children perished in a hell of smoke
and flame.

Deplorable Catastrophe,—but No One is to blame!

HERCULES & CO.

WHEN Hercules, beside the Lake
Of Lerna, cut to pieces
The many-headed water snake—
(That venom-breathing species),

The Mob, rejoicing, danced around,
Of Dignity divested;
But Persons of Discernment frowned
And solemnly protested,

“That Hercules, in having wrought
The Hydra’s dissolution
Without a Warrant, set at naught
The Grecian Constitution!”

When Hercules prepared to cleanse
The rank Augean stables,
A thousand scribes with fountain pens
Were busy at their tables.

They wrote him down "A Theorist"
 (He did not think as they did);
They called him "Blatant Egotist"
 Because he worked, unaided;

They said, "This 'Cleansing' Fad has grown
 A Curse that needs repressing.
Why can't he leave this Thing alone?—
 The Smell is so distressing!"

When Hercules ensnared the grim
 Wild Boar of Erymanthus,
They did not pin one Rose on him
 Nor yet one Polyanthus.

"This 'Feat,'" they said, "is not the least
 Amazing or surprising;
Besides, he only caught the beast
 To get some Advertising!

"His Methods are Undignified
 And Tactless!" (*That* was stinging!)
"A Cultured Person would have tried
 To soothe the Brute by singing!"

But Hercules, with faith sublime,
Pursued his many labors.
He said he had a Corking Time,
And loved the pleasant Neighbors.

For some are born to set things right,
While some are built for sneering,
And he that likes to work and fight
Must never mind the jeering.

So here's a health to Hercules
And all his Working Brothers!
The Lofty Few they fail to please,
Perhaps,—but there are Others!

OUT OF WORK

HEARTSICK an' hopeless, jostled by the mob,
Trampin' the pavement, lookin' for a job!
Here I'm a-driftin', weary through an' through,
Seekin' employment—anythin' to do!

Youngsters and old uns hurry up an' down,
Each on his errand, through this busy town,
Each on his errand, triffin' though it be;
No one is idlin'—savin' only me.

Poverty's nothin'! Hunger ain't so bad;
Longin' and loathin'—that's what drives ye mad!
Longin' for action, cravin' for yer part;
Loathin' yer bondage, eatin' up yer heart.

Big, strong, an' able, nothin' of a shirk,
If I was cattle some one'd find me work!
Some one 'u'd drive me, single-hitch or span,
If I was cattle!—Pity I'm a man!

I can't be useless! Somethin' must be wrong!
No good o' whinin'? Yes, I'll move along—
Heartsick an' hopeless, jostled by the mob,
Trampin' the pavement, lookin' for a job.

BLAME IT ON THE ENGINEER

A LURCH that flings the rushing train,
A roaring shock that rips and rends,
The groan of death, the shriek of pain
And—Holy, Holy Dividends!

“The Engineer? Poor chap, he’s killed.
That makes the explanation clear.
A trusted servant, tried and skilled,—
We’ll blame it on the Engineer.

“Too bad; he served us fairly well.
Of course, we gave him ample pay
And worked him, through this torrid spell,
Not more than sixteen hours a day.

“His train was late, it seems agreed;
He disobeyed commands, we fear,
And tore ahead at reckless speed;—
Let’s blame it on the Engineer.”

Some day, some day, the Truth may leap
In lines of flame across the Blue,
Of eyes weighed down for want of sleep,
Of Greed that works one man for two,

Of coward shifts, of simple zeal;
And when the witnesses appear
Perhaps the Court of Last Appeal
Won't blame it on the Engineer.

DERELICTS

TEMPESTS may harry and blast,
Fogbanks delude and bewilder;
Shattered are rudder and mast—
Was the Pilot at fault, or the Builder?

These,—to the calms of the park
Tossed by the storms of the city,
Drifting from daybreak to dark,—
These, whom you scoff at or pity,

Sometime were soul-dowered men
Warm with Promethean fire.
May they be manlike again?
Can they awake and aspire?

Weakened by hunger and care,
Fouled by the slime they have trodden,
Palsied by drink and despair,
Vacant-eyed, aimless and sodden,
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Lounges the beggarly throng,
Squalid, unwholesome, and tattered.
Why are you gallant and strong?
Why are they shipwrecked and shattered?

Was it the wave or the rock,
Was it a crime or a blunder
Made the stout vessel a mock,
Wracking her keelson asunder?

Raise them from evil and shame,
Aid them and do not condemn them.
Dare you apportion the blame?
Are you divine to condemn them?

Tempests may harry and blast,
Fogbanks betray or bewilder;
Shattered are rudder and mast—
Was the Pilot at fault, or the Builder?

CAUSE AND EFFECT

THE powder lay in heaps—a threat
Of death—where powder should not lie;
Some fool threw down a cigarette—
And flaming ruin rent the sky.

Whereat, a solemn jury met
And laid the blame, in wisdom rare,
On him that threw the cigarette,
Not them that left the powder there.

Upon the heaps of Want and Shame
Whereon men build, one evil day
Some fool will fling a word of flame—
And what will follow, who shall say?

But should all earth be overset,
We'll lay the blame, in dull despair,
On him that threw the cigarette,
Not them that left the powder there.

A FUNERAL ORATION

As Delivered in the Church of the Holy Dividends
in Bond Street, with a Chorus of Unsolicited Responses
by Rank Outsiders.

DEAR friends, a mighty man hath joined the Blest,

CHORUS:

A mighty man indeed, but—let him rest!

A man of works and faith, a man of force,

CHORUS:

Who lied, broke faith and robbed without remorse.

A worthy life was his—a life of toil.

CHORUS:

His noble aim in life was boundless spoil.

Steel-nerved, he builded railroad, ship and mill;—

CHORUS:

And ruined all who dared oppose his will.

How sweet and mild the inner life he led!

CHORUS:

The tiger, too, is mild when fully fed.

How kind he was a thousand friends will say.

CHORUS:

He fed his jackals fat, so well they may!

His faults? Be still! His faults we leave to God.

CHORUS:

And teach our sons to tread the way he trod?

What wealth he gave our grateful hearts confess.

CHORUS:

His very charity was selfishness.

He filled a million shelves with learned tomes,—

CHORUS:

And builded palaces on wrecks of homes.

His gifts to church and college ever grew.

CHORUS:

He robbed the poor to help the well-to-do.

Upon these walls his name shall be inscribed!

CHORUS:

The Church may take, but God remains unbribed.

MY HOST

My host is old Katahdin;
He doffs his cap of cloud
To pledge the royal bounty
He gives his heart-avowed:

“Thrice welcome to the mountain,
Thrice welcome to the glen!
By Rod and Pack and Paddle,
The woods are yours again!
Again my winds shall call you,
My trails shall tempt your feet;
I'll pour you laughing water
And berries cool and sweet.
In shack or rocky shelter
Where you may choose to house,
Your couch shall be of bracken,
Your bed of balsam boughs.

And when the mood shall move you
To cast the feathered lures,
Katahdin Brook, my darling,
And forty ponds are yours!
There's hemlock-shadowed Abol
And Beaver, deeply mossed,
There's Windypitch and Grassy,
There's Lillypad and Lost.
The deer shall stand before you,
The dappled fawns shall play,
While overhead shall banter
The squirrel and the jay.
And Peace shall be your comrade
On every bowered quest;
And through my darkening treetops
The stars shall watch your rest."

Above the seaward rivers,
Above the highland plain,
My host is old Katahdin
Among the pines of Maine.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE YOUNG MEN

WE are weary of your factions
With their hollow battlecries;
We are sick of broken pledges,
We are sick of specious lies.
You have promised, we have trusted,
You have failed and failed again;
We have had enough of parties;
Give us Men! Give us Men!

Oh, a truce to poor excuses!
We have seen and we have heard.
Is it hard to do your duty?
Is it hard to keep your word?
Is it hard to deal the justice
You have sworn with tongue and pen?
We are done with trade and barter!
Give us Men! Give us Men!

We shall find them, we shall know them;
We shall call and they will heed—
Downright men, however labeled,
Men of honest thought and deed;
Men who will not shirk or palter,
Who will shame your weak-kneed sloth;
Then—a plague o' both your houses!—
We have had enough of both!

We are coming, we, the young men,
Strong of heart and millions strong;
We shall work where you have trifled,
Cleanse the Temple, right the wrong,
Till the land our fathers visioned
Shall be spread before our ken.
We are through with politicians!
Give us Men! Give us Men!

PULL YOUR WEIGHT

THE billows are heaving behind,
The breakers are foaming before;
We need all the strength we can find—
Each ounce you can put to an oar.
Are you doing the best that you can
To keep the old galley afloat?
Are you power or freight?
Are you pulling your weight—
Are you pulling your weight in the boat?

It isn't the task of the few—
The pick of the brave and the strong;
It's he and it's I and it's you
Must drive the good vessel along.
Will you save? Will you work? Will you fight?
Are you ready to take off your coat?
Are you serving the State?
Are you pulling your weight—
Are you pulling your weight in the boat?

AMERICA IN ARMS

THE forests of her riverlands are marching on the
deep,

The spruces of her mountain sides are driving
through the sky,

Where, laden with her harvestings, her new-
launched navies sweep,

Where, hovering on mighty wings, her battle
eagles fly.

Oak and hemlock, fight for her!

Ash and cedar, smite for her!

Fight for her, O stalwart spruce and heaven-pierc-
ing pine!

Give the force she sent to you—

All the strength she lent to you,

Beating back the sullen foe and rolling to the
Rhine!

The chasms of her cloven hills are pouring out their
ore,
The hollows of her deeper earth are giving of
their might;
While all the day her forges ring, her foundries
clang and roar,
And, lifting flame of sacrifice, they flare against
the night.

Sledge and anvil, smite for her!
Coal and iron, fight for her!—
Bullet, bomb, and bayonet, pledge of forge and
mine,
Let the strength you hold for her
Thrill the arms you mold for her,
Rolling back the stubborn foe in tumult to the
Rhine!

Her cities, farms, and villages are offering their
best,
For lake and prairie, wood and hill have heard
her signal drum.

She sent her summons North and South, her chal-
lenge East and West,
And arming millions marched—and still the
marching millions come.

Clerk and sailor, fight for her!
Smith and farmer, smite for her!
Strike for her, O merchant prince and hardy
artisan!
Give your hearts anew to her,
Pay the debt that's due to her!
Win the peace of love and law and hope for every
man!

THE WORK

“SNAP!” went the cables,
“Crack!” went the chains;
Down dropped the scaffolds,
Down came the cranes.
Big Tim, the foreman,
Swore like a Turk:
“Hold hard, ye lubbers!
Stand by The Work!

“Stand by The Work!
Sure, there’s nothing to fear for.
Stand by The Work!
What are tackle and gear for?
Stand by The Work!
Ah-h, what else are ye here for?
Stand by The Work!”

Up go your bubbles,
Down go your schemes;
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“Crash!” fall your castles,
“Puff!” go your dreams.
Kin may desert you,
Friends only shirk.—
Stamp on your trouble!
Stand by The Work!

Stand by The Work!
There’s no manhood in crying.
Stand by The Work!
There’s no profit in dying.
Stand by The Work!
All Disaster defying,
Stand by The Work!

THE RED CROSS NURSE

SHE goes amid the maddened press
Of Teuton, Briton, Slav, and Gaul,
Our Nation's White Ambassadors,
The foe of none, the friend of all.

Above the guns, above the cheers
For Flag or Kaiser, Folk or King,
The common cry alone she hears—
The cry of human suffering.

Still men will play the devil's game
Though all must lose and none may win,
And still a foolish world's acclaim
Exalts the sworded paladin;

But tears will fall and lips will pray
And hearts beat warm in every land
For her who saves while heroes slay.
Oh, valiant soul; oh, gentle hand!

THE PACIFIST PORCUPINES

A PARTY of Pacifist Porcupines
Proposed to abolish all Quills and Spines,
Because (as they argued, on modern lines)
The Panthers and Bears of the wood's confines
Considered thorniferous Porcupines
As Enemies harboring Base Designs.
"So let us," propounded these Porcupines,
"Discard our provocative Sheaves of Tines
For Violets, Lilies, and Columbines;
And all of the Panthers, the Soul divines,
Will shortly be sending us Valentines."
But one of the Veteran Porcupines
Arose and responded, "My Ward declines
To take any stock in such Monkeyshines!
We note that the Rabbits among the vines
Are amiably guiltless of Quills and Spines;
And yet when a Panther to sup inclines
Full often a Rabbit his life resigns,

Our Peaceful Tradition this Heart enshrines,
But, Quills for Defense! when a Panther dines!
Yes, Quills!—till the Lynxes and Bears show signs
Of shedding their Talons and sharp Canines!”
That’s all that I gathered beneath the Pines,
Except that, regardless of Plaintive Whines,
A Congress of Patriot Porcupines
Refused to surrender their Quills and Spines.

THE ANSWER

HARK to the bugle!

Hark to the drum!

Doubt, be forgotten!

Faction, be dumb!

One is our Nation,

Honored and dear;

Who will defend her?

“Every man here!”

When did our Country

Bootlessly call?

What shall we give her

Less than our all?

Under her banner,

Stainless and clear,

Who shall be marshaled?

“Every man here!”

Who is for Honor,
Spotless and bright?
Who is for Justice,
Duty and Right—
All that the Fathers
Bade us revere?
Who is for Freedom?
“Every man here!”

Fling down the hammer,
Lay down the pen!
Need that which called us
Call us again?
Take up the saber,
Lift up the spear!
Who marches onward?
“Every man here!”

THE REALM OF FANFARONA

THE Realm of Fanfaron was a Most Progressive
State,
And it blushfully admitted it was Valorous and
Great;
And it modestly acknowledged its Pre-eminence
in Worth
As the Noblest and the Grandest and the Freest
Land on Earth.

The Wicked Hoola-Boola was the King of Malle-
camp—
A Highly Able Tyrant, though a Robber and a
Scamp,
For he never Blew the Trumpet till he'd Drawn
the Shining Sword—
And he marched on Fanfaron and he took the
Town of Ord.

The Realm of Fanfaronna was astounded at the
Wrong,
But it never lost its Temper, for it knew that it
was Strong;
So it sent an Ultimatum, a Remonstrance, and a
Note,
And the Wicked Hoola-Boola took the Town of
Pillicote.

The Realm of Fanfaronna felt Exceedingly Ag-
grieved,
And its Statesmen clearly Stated that they verily
believed
That the Wicked Hoola-Boola was an Ogre and a
Ghoul!
And the Wicked Hoola-Boola took the Town of
Molecule.

The Realm of Fanfaronna, after Long and High
Debate,
Announced with Deep Regret, that it was forced to
Intimate

The So-to-speak Existence of a Quasi State of War.
And the Wicked Hoola-Boola took the Town of
Metaphor.

The Realm of Fanfarona made a Promise, there
and then:

“We Are Going to Have an Army of a Hundred
Million Men!

We Are Going to Have a Navy that will bridge the
Seven Seas!”

And the Wicked Hoola-Boola took the Town of
Litotese.

The Realm of Fanfarona scratched its Figurative
Head;

“We’ll have to change our Plan,” that Realm of
Fanfarona said;

“When the Wicked Hoola-Boola shows his Pre-
datory Might,

It is Time to quit our Talking and just buckle
down to Fight!”

THE MARINES

THEY'VE kept the flag as stainless as the honor of
their corps

Since first the flag was born to make men free—
Our nation's fighting vanguard of the ocean and
the shore,

The ever-ready Soldiers of the Sea.
Though Bering might be frigid, or the weather
might be hot

In Haiti and the sunny Philippines,
Wherever there was trouble they were foremost on
the spot,

The East-by-West United States Marines.

They never questioned what an order hid;
They never balked at odds of three to one;
They went where they were sent; they did as they
were bid,

And when you heard about it, it was done!

They take their little journeys on a warship, as a
rule;

But they can make a trip, in case of need,
By dromedary, omnibus, or elephant, or mule,
Or anything that shows a trace of speed.
They've done some pretty fighting (with appropriate regrets);

They've done a heap for Universal Peace;
For Law-and-Order marches with the flashing
bayonets
Of Uncle Sam's Terrestrial Police.

Their badge of "Here and There and Everywhere"
Is blazoned on their banner, floating high:
The Anchor for the sea, the Eagle for the air,
The Globe for all the lands beneath the sky.

They've heard the word "impossible," but don't
know what it means.

They scorn the vulgar bonds of space and
clime;
For Uncle Sam's ubiquitous United States Marines
Are doing something, somewhere, all the time.

Perhaps they're winning victories with diplomatic
wiles,
Or decimating predatory ranks;
They may be running governments on palmy tropic
isles,
Or Sunday schools, or hydroplanes, or tanks,

Or serving out destruction, hot or cold,
Or charging down the muzzle of a gun.
They go where they are sent; they do what they
are told,
And you may hear about it when it's done.

FARMERS

OLD Cadmus was a farmer,
 Though born to spear and shield;
Arrayed in brazen armor,
 He tilled a stubborn field.
With dragons' teeth he sowed it then,
 And from Boeotian glebes
There leaped the valiant fighting men
 That crowned the walls of Thebes.

Old Cadmus was our brother;
 A goodly crop he grew—
As we shall grow another
 That plow the acres, too.
Our garden beds and fertile farms
 Shall yield the strength divine
That nerves the mighty man at arms
 And builds the battle line,

Then bravely to your labors,
My lads that dig the loam!
Your blades of wheat are sabers
That strike for flag and home.
And though ye gain but little thanks
That wield the spade and hoe,
Your hills of corn are stalwart ranks
That march against the foe!

RED TAPE

SAID the Officer Commanding: "'Tis a pleasant
Winter Day,

And I want a Heap of Blankets and I want 'em
right away!

And I want a Lot of Uniforms and Overcoats and
Boots

To preserve the Martial Vigor of our Promising
Recruits;

For Napoleon, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, I am told,
Found that Soldiers fought much better when pro-
tected from the Cold;

And I trust my Observations are in Military Form,
But I love my little Army, and I'd like to have it
warm!"

And the Quartermaster answered with a wan
Official Smile:

"I shall send a Requisition in the Legal Form and
Style

To the Acting Tenth Assistant in the Board of
Speed Control,
Who will Docket it and Poke it in the Proper
Pigeonhole.
When the Eighteenth Under-Deputy has found it
hiding there,
He will Specify and Advertise with Customary Care;
So, in time, they'll give a Contract—though I
cannot tell you when,
But I think you'll get your Blankets when the
Robins nest again!"

Said the Officer Commanding, as he pulled his
graying Hair:
"I should like to have some Rifles, if you have a
few to spare;
I should like to have some Cannon and a Ton or
so of Shell—
Just any kind that's Shootable will answer very well;
For Hostile Guns are hurling Shot with Personal
Intent,
And Etiquette demands that we return the Com-
pliment;

Besides, they say that Washington and Grant, and
several more,
Considered Weapons requisite to Victory in War."

Said the Second Chief Retarder of the Board of
War Delay:

"We appreciate your Ardor, but, you know, this
isn't Play.

Through the Skill of Chosen Experts, by applying
every Test,

We must zealously determine what Invention is the
Best.

Should the Fortunate Inventor be a Personable Man
Whom the Board delights to honor, we shall For-
mulate a Plan.

Thus, observing Due Precautions, we shall bear
your Case in Mind,

And I'm sure you'll have your Cannon when the
Peace is being signed!"

What a Lesson to a Nation, eager, tense, and
passion-flushed,

Is a smoothly working Bureau that refuses to be
rushed!

With its Calm, Divine Aloofness, with its Cold,
Judicial Staff,
Like a great Mill, grinding grandly, though the
Grist thereof be Chaff!
Pleas are futile, Needs are nothing; Haste or
Change means Waste of Force;
Men may starve or die, but Matters still Must
Take Their Proper Course.
Patience, Patience! Great is System!—slow, at
times, yet sure as Fate.
What a Pity, Shame, and Outrage that the Enemy
won't wait!

THE RED-TAPE WORM

OH, the Red-Tape Worm is a Loathly beast
As he gloats on his daily ration;
And he makes his lair and he takes his feast
In the Cave of Procrastination!

Where the frosty glare of his eye congeals
'Tis the death of the best ambitions.
He is proud and strong in Official Seals
And in Forms and in Requisitions.

And he feeds him full on the Gold of Time,
And he moves men's souls to faction,
And he clogs men's minds with his deathly slime,
And he palsies the Arm of Action.

Let the Hero ride! May his heart be firm
When he strikes for our liberation!
May he pierce the gorge of the Red-Tape Worm
To the cheers of a ransomed Nation!

SWORD AND HORN

WHERE shattered crags are tumbled heap on heap,
Within a cave, King Arthur lies asleep

Among his knights, who wait, with steel on side,
The call that yet shall bid them mount and ride.

And where those knights in iron slumber ring
A nation's hope, the golden-bearded king,

There hangs a horn, long centuries unbreathed;
There hangs a sword in leathern scabbard sheathed.

A shepherd once, among the hills astray,
To that weird cavern found the secret way.

He stared upon the great king, helmed and crowned,
The armored paladins in slumber bound,

The stalwart earls in silk and miniver,
The ready steeds awaiting but the spur.

The sword and horn he saw;—for woe or weal,
The horn he seized and blew a mighty peal.

The cavern rang! The great king half awoke
And scornfully in rumbling thunder spoke:

“Woe, woe to thee that ever thou wert born
That, ere thou drewest sword, didst blow the horn!”

A wild wind whirled the shepherd from the glen;
The great king bowed his head in sleep again.

.

Forgive to us our waverings, feeble willed,
Our waste, our sloth, our pledges unfulfilled,

Our empty vauntings!—Oh, forgive us, Lord,
That blew the horn before we drew the sword!

ALLIES DAY, 1917

FLAGS of the Great Free Nations, splendidly
glowing,

Mingling your glorious hues in the flame of the
sun,

Lift up our souls with your heraldries, twining and
flowing!

One is our strength as the hearts of your millions
are one.

Yours are our hearts and our all that is worthy
your spending.

What is our best to be weighed with the wonder
to be!

Flags of the Great Free Nations, billowing, blending,
Blazon to heaven your pledge that the world
shall be free!

NEW YEAR, 1918

As Father Time came speeding where I stood,
I boldly grasped him by the scanty forelock
Exactly as the proverb says you should,
And thus apostrophized the ancient warlock:

“Disclose to me, my over hasty friend,
Diminishing your zeal for whizzing past one,
The sort of New Year that you mean to send;
We didn’t altogether like the last one.”

He stared at me with eyes of glacial blue:

“A *New* Year!” laughed the hoary planet rover.
“We don’t send *New* Years to the likes of you;
The best *you* get are *Old* Years, furbished over!

“The Year that last you hailed, with crazy din,
The new-born hope of what you term your own
age,

Was dragged from dark Oblivion’s dusty bin –
A slightly altered relic of the Stone Age!”

“Then, Time,” I cried, “let now the Fates remold
A gladder New Year! Let their hands refashion
A healing twelve month from the Age of Gold,
For Earth is sick of hatred, woe, and passion!”

Wan Chronos looked half tenderly, and then—
I woke. Above the hills the sun was climbing;
And strong men rose and strove to bring again
The Age of Gold—and I sat down to rhyming.

NEW YEAR, 1919

"AH!" sighed the World, as he turned in bed
With a pillow of cloud for his poor old head,
And lowered the roller shade of Night,
And blew out a star that shone too bright—
"The Year is gone with his toil and strife,
The storm and surge of the tide of life,
The crazy brawl of the human breed,
And I'll rest at last—for it's rest I need!"

Down came an elf through the moonlight pale
From the Milky Way on a comet's tail;
His traveling-bag, in letters clean, *ready for his*
Was marked, "A. D. Nineteen-nineteen." *A. D. Nineteen-nineteen*
He turned up the lamps that were burning low
And prodded the World with a small pink toe.
"Get up!" he cried; "that's enough for you!
There's a heap of things for a World to do!

“There are wounds to bind, there’s a map to fix,
There’s a beautiful tangle of politics,
There are towns to build, there are wheels to start,
There’s a load of crowns for the junkman’s cart,
There’s an ancient fraud in a brand-new dress,
There are lovely riddles for men to guess,
There are dreams to dream, there are heights to
climb,
And you can’t lie there and waste *my* time!”

So the World rose up with a plaintive groan,
Stubbing his toe on a tumbled throne,
To round the Sun on his wonted track—
The deep-grooved Trail of the Zodiac,
That way of sorrows and joys and aches,
Of noble efforts and fool mistakes.
But it’s good for the poor old World, at that;
For a drowsy Planet gets much too fat.

FARRAGUT IN MADISON SQUARE

THE spirit that burned in the clay
Survives in the bronze; and the peerless
Old Sailor who fought in the Bay
Lashed fast to the rope ladder, fearless

And vigilant, looks on the brawl
Below, in its turbulent mazes.
And what does he think of it all
As, waked by the sea wind, he gazes?

“They haste, as they hastened of old,
Still driven by folly and passion,
Those eager-eyed hunters of gold,
These fribbles of glittering Fashion.

“And who in that eddy throng,
So brilliant with vigor and fire,
Will balance the right and the wrong
When stirred by the flame of Desire?

“Aye, who of the self-loving band
Will pause for the weal of another,
Or reach forth a generous hand
To rescue a down-trampled brother?

“Shall these be the mothers of men—
These moths that are mad after pleasure?
Would those save the Nation again—
The blind, ever groping for treasure?

“‘The froth and the bubbles?’—I know,
They rise to the brim, being lighter;
But that which is hidden below—
Who knows?—is it finer and brighter?

“Yet why should I doubt who have seen?
Again let the trumpet awaken,
And all that is sordid and mean
Shall dwindle, and self be forsaken;

“The land will arise as before,
Flame-hallowed and nobler and grander.
My people are sound at the core,
Thank God!”—says the Old Salamander.

HOME AGAIN

PADDLING steadily league by league
Toward the carry of Debsconeag,
Skirting the pools where the great togue lie
And the swift trout flash on the scarlet fly,
Down the wild West Branch we came.
Turning maples touched with flame
Ferry banks where birches leaned;
Dark behind, the spruce wood screened
Abol Stream and Little Mink
Where the deer come down to drink.

Up the river a wild duck flew;
Following after, a white canoe
Toiled and climbed where the rapids ran,
Poled from the stern by a stalwart man
Nearer and nearer—until we saw
The laughing face and the shaven jaw,

The service cap on the wind-tossed hair,
The khaki coat and the Croix de Guerre.
"Wait," said Lisle, "here's a chap I know;
Give him a broadside while we go."

"How be you, Dan?" "How be you, Lisle?"
"Glad you're back?" "Well, I should smile!"
"Seen a lot of doin's?" "Ye-es,
Nigh to all there was, I guess."
"Feelin' rugged?" "Fine an' strong."
"Meet you soon. Good-by!" "So long!"
The brown hands crossed the joined canoes
In the firm, warm grip that woodsmen use;
And up the river went soldier Dan,
Poling away where the rapids ran,
Poling away through the bubbling foam,
Back from the war and going home!

Home! to the woods that are always clean,
Where the long trails wind and the moss is green,
Where the fawns peer out and the partridge drums,
And the cool, sweet wind from Katahdin comes.

Home! where it's good to be alive
In the rush and roar of the river drive;
Where winter nights are made for sleep
When the stars are keen and the snows lie deep.
Home! where the brooks go mad in spring
And the soul is free as the osprey's wing,
Where hearts are true and speech is plain.
Home!—God bless you, men of Maine!

THE END

RETURN
TO →

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